The SPHERE

Vol. CXX. No. 1566 JAN. 25, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

DINNEFORD'S
PURE FLUID
MAGNESIA

Indigestion yields to *fluid* Magnesia

Only fluid magnesia should be taken by Adults or given to Infants.

Solid or powdered magnesia has been proved by eminent Chemists to cause trouble by forming hard insoluble lumps in the bowels.

Dinneford's Magnesia is fluid and has been proved for over 100 years to be invaluable for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Indigestion, Flatulence, Bilious Affections, &c.

FOR FULL INSTRUCTIONS READ PAMPHLET ENCLOSED WITH EACH BOTTLE.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle and label.
Manufactured in London for the past 100 years.
Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

OXO With Hot Milk

The Perfect Food for Everyone

A nerve and body food which, taken habitually, builds up the whole constitution.

OTARD'S
ESTAB^D 1795
The Brandy with a Pedigree

The SUPER Brand Spinet-Oval CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

NOW 20 for 1/3

Pocket tin of 10 for 8d.

KEEP IT IN YOUR BATH-ROOM

Never be without a bottle of LAROLA.
It is a toilet essential to every woman who studies her appearance and cares to retain the charms of her sex.

BEETHAMS Larola

is a non-greasy, non-sticky toilet milk for gentle self-massage of hands, arms, neck and face. It prevents chapping and roughness, leaving a delicate white, velvety bloom of perfect skin health. Don't experiment with others, insist on LAROLA.

From all Chemists and Stores in bottles, 1/6 and 2/6, or post free direct.

If your Complexion be too pale, try Larola Rose Bloom—it's lovely, 1/- per box.
LAROLA TOILET POWDER, 2/6 per box.

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA

HARDEN BROS. & LINDSAY, Ltd., (Dept. 29), 30/34, Mincing Lane, London, E.C. 3.

A most refreshing beverage for dyspeptics and invalids and all who enjoy exquisite flavour.

¼-LB. FREE.

Simply send 6d. in stamps to cover postage and packing, and we will promptly send you a 2-oz. packet of each of the 3/- and 3/8 qualities—making in all a free ¼-lb. of the world's finest China Tea.

There is also a super quality at 4/2, a 2-oz. sample of which will be included on receipt of an additional 6d.

Drambuie PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR
IS
BRITAIN'S FINEST AFTER-DINNER LIQUEUR
DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD., 9, Union Street, EDINBURGH

ELKINGTON & CO. LTD.
LONDON, BIRMINGHAM, Etc.
Originators of Electro Plate
and Sole Manufacturers of Elkington Plate

AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS AND THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

E & CO ELKINGTON PLATE
Marks of Quality.

FOR CLEAR TROUBLE-FREE RECEPTION—

EVER READY
Britain's Best Batteries

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

HEAD OFFICES:
45, Dale Street, LIVERPOOL
155, Leadenhall Street, LONDON, E.C. 3

COMPREHENSIVE MOTOR POLICIES.

CHIEF ADMINISTRATION:
7, Chancery Lane, W.C. 2

FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY—

MORE COMPELLING THAN ANY HEROINE OF FICTION

"*Ayesha blew on his cheeks to keep them warm and repeated the Islamic prayers for the departing; she rubbed his hands, but he motioned her to desist. Then a few more incoherent prayers, and his head settled in death on his young wife's bosom*"

No. 9. AYESHA. The favourite wife of the Prophet MAHOMET.

Ayesha's influence grew. Before the Moslems became sufficiently strong to capture Mecca from the Pagans and thus establish Mohammedanism as a world religion, she organised a rebellion in the harem. The Prophet had accepted as a concubine a Coptic girl, Mary, young and comely —the two qualities in a woman which Mahomet never failed to appreciate. Unlike his other wives, Mary soon gave birth to a son, Ibrahim. It is true that she was not a slave, but that she had produced a direct heir to Islam exalted her to a station far above the other members of the harem. Ayesha's envy knew no restraint.

So long as Mahomet kept his proud concubine in her own pavilion all went tolerably well. One afternoon, however, in a sudden access of affection, he hurried her to the chamber of one of the legitimate wives; and here the two were discovered in amorous attitude. The news was immediately brought to Ayesha that the good name of the harem had been besmirched, whereupon she decided upon a General Strike. The doors of the harem were closed against the Prophet, and for a month he was compelled to seek solace with Mary in the distant pavilion.

At the end of this period he desired a change. Although he promised never to see the Coptic maid again, Ayesha and her co-strikers refused to accept him back. Then Mahomet was roused to a fury; he vowed to divorce his whole harem and take other wives to his bosom. This was something for which they had not bargained....

If you missed Sappho, Messalina, Judith, Boadicea, Helen of Troy, Cleopatra and Zenobia, Don't miss AYESHA. It is one of the most enthralling stories in the series. Just buy the January issue and you'll get a pleasant surprise. There never was a magazine so good as Britannia and Eve

BRITANNIA AND EVE

HENRY HEATH LTD
105·107·109·OXFORD ST.,W.

BRANCHES:
62, Piccadilly, W.1. 58, Cheapside, E. C. 2.
1, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square. 132, Fenchurch Street, E. C. 3.

JANUARY SALE

By Appointment By Appointment

Finishing on the 31st, Henry Heath are making final drastic reductions in the prices of their ladies hats.

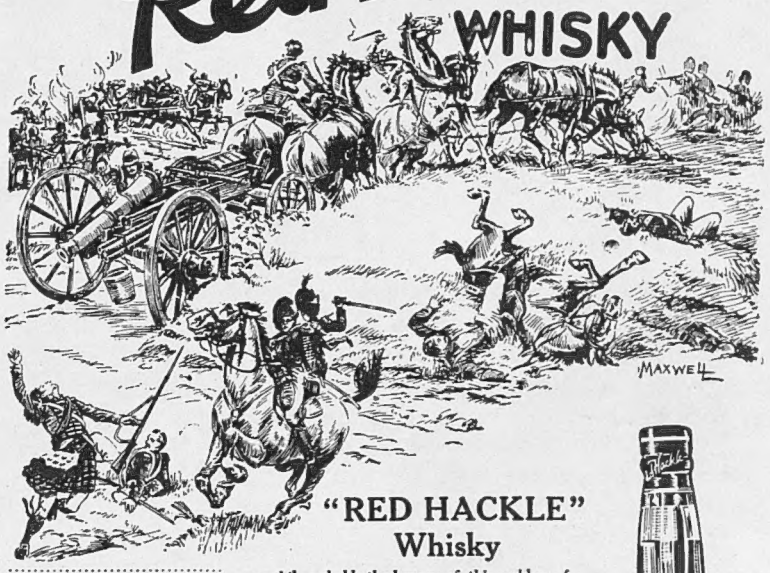
Many are offered at a reduction of 50 per cent.

The Registered Sports Hats are Reduced from 30/- to 10/- 15/- & 21/-

All these hats are of the Henry Heath regular quality and are being greatly reduced so as to effect a clearance to make room for the Spring models.

A selection of hats will be sent on approval providing 1/- extra is included for the cost of Postage. Please state colour and size required.

Red Hackle WHISKY



"RED HACKLE" Whisky

Jan. 1st, 1795, the village of Guildermalsen was besieged by French Cavalry, who captured two guns. General Dundas ordered: "Forty-second, for God's sake and the honour of your country, retake these guns!" With great gallantry they did this. As a reward, the Black Watch (42nd) were ordered to mount the Cavalry's red plumes in their bonnets.

worthily upholds the honour of this emblem of a great spirit. Distilled from rich, home-grown barley, "RED HACKLE" has all the essentials of a perfect whisky.

Redolent of peat and heather, and pure, strong mountain air, its essence, the very spirit of the malt, kindles the heart and stimulates the brain.

Awarded first prize in competition open to all whiskies at Brewers' Exhibition.

Try "Red Hackle" & judge for yourself.

150/- per dozen, carriage paid.

Proprietors: HEPBURN & ROSS, Kelvin House, GLASGOW, W.2.

SEND for a dozen "RED HACKLE" to-day. If on sampling you do not feel you are drinking a better whisky, return the balance at our expense, and have your cheque refunded in full.

THE EMBLEM OF SCOTLANDS FINEST SPIRIT

BAL DE LA COUTURE

AT THE

PARIS OPERA HOUSE

ON

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1930

20 Famous Orchestras; & Jazz Bands

Attractions:

March of the Mannequins
Raffle of 50 Gowns or Coats

Entrance Fee: 100 francs, including Raffle

Reserved Boxes at following Prices:

First Tier (8 seats)	- -	3,000 frs.
Second Tier (8 seats)	- -	2,000 ,,
Third Tier (10 seats)	- -	1,500 ,,
Third Tier (6 seats)	- -	900 ,,
Dress Circle - -	- -	200 ,,

Entrance Fee included.

BOX OFFICES ... ... { at the Leading Hotels. at the Paris Opera House. at 3, Rue de la Paix, Paris.

SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH WITH

Dr. J. Collis Browne's CHLORODYNE

The Safe and Reliable Family Remedy for

INFLUENZA

COUGHS, COLDS, CATARRH,
ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION of OVER 75 YEARS.

A true palliative in
NEURALGIA, GOUT, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

Acts like a charm in
DIARRHŒA, STOMACH CHILLS,
and other Bowel Complaints.

Of all Chemists, 1/3, 3/-

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE.

Always ask for and

See that you get Dr. J. Collis Browne's

"—and between ourselves"

an advertisement may prove nothing, but it can persuade a fellow to prove something for himself . . . and now it annoys me if people say soda water without adding the name that proves it, *namely*—

Can be obtained from all first-class Hotels, Clubs and restaurants throughout the world.

"Schweppe"
THE ORIGINAL SODA WATER

Also order SCHWEPPES GINGER ALE, CIDER, GINGER BEER, TONIC WATER, LEMON SQUASH, ORANGE SQUASH, *Etc.*

THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXX. No. 1566 | Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. } | London, January 25, 1930

"THE EDIFICE OF PEACE WHICH WE ARE SEEKING TO BUILD":

The Speech of H.M. the King Opening the Five-Power Conference in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords, heard by 100,000,000 People

In a clear and ringing voice, which proved how complete is his recovery, the Sailor King of the greatest maritime nation in the history of the world opened, at 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning, the great Conference, attended by delegations from France, America, Japan, Italy, and the component parts of the Empire, which has been convened to discuss the limitation of naval armaments. Seventeen microphones carried the speech to the uttermost ends of the earth, the reception in New York being extremely clear, while in Australia it was somewhat blurred. The delegations, France on the right of the throne, Britain on the left, assembled in the golden Royal Gallery. Four hundred journalists faced the great gathering. M. Tardieu, the only visiting Prime Minister, sat on the King's right hand. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald spoke after the King, after which the leading delegates spoke in alphabetical order of the countries they represented. The King's last official appearance before his illness was made to honour the victims of the Great War, and his first after his restoration to health was to encourage the nations, in his own words, "to prevent a repetition of that grim and immense tragedy."

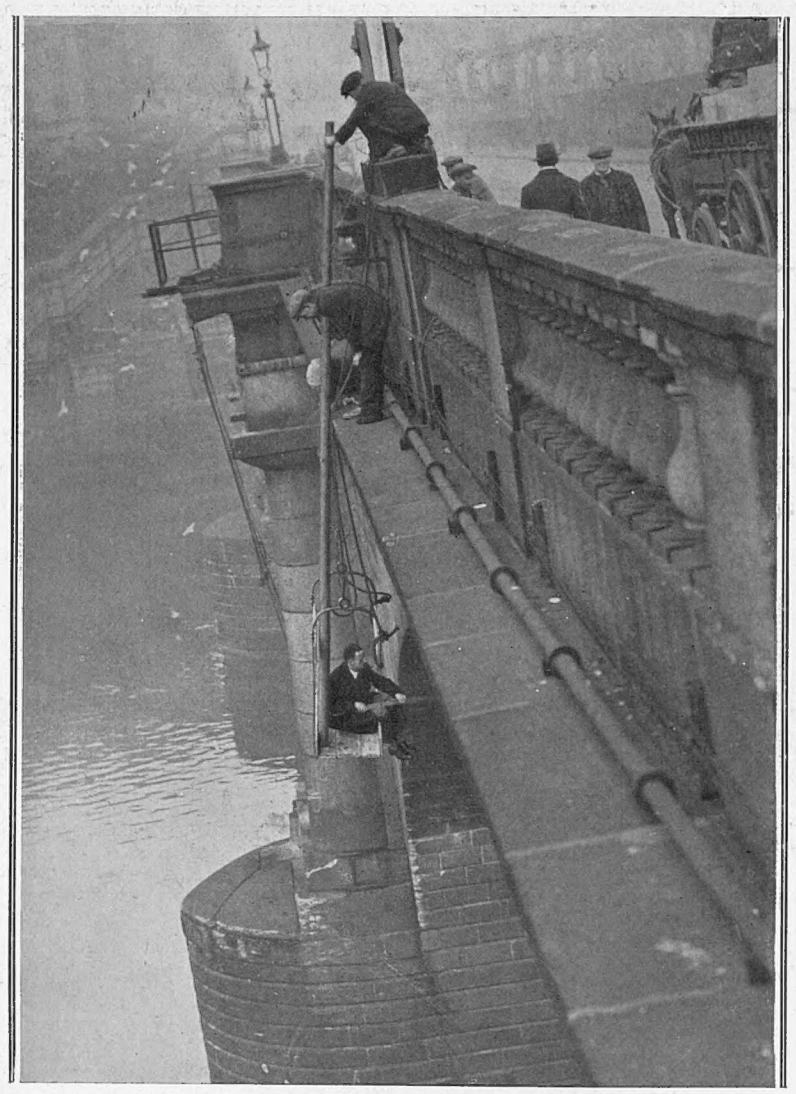
A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.
Wednesday, January 22, 1930.

The Naval Conference.—The King on Monday and Tuesday carried out the most important functions which he has undertaken since his illness. He received the delegates to the Five Power Conference at Buckingham Palace on Monday afternoon. On Tuesday he conducted the opening ceremony in the House of Lords. Formally and informally he expressed his own and the Empire's earnest hopes that success would result from their deliberations. The way to a notable advance in domestic economy and world security has been paved by a number of agreements, such as the Kellogg Pact, the Washington Treaty, the Locarno Treaties, and the Optional Clause. But no nation is yet prepared to scrap her essential defences as a gesture, an example, an encouragement to other nations. In other words, the Five Power Conference still has as its basis, and an obstacle in the way of far-reaching decisions the reality of war in international relations. The Conference can be nothing more than an examination of the relative strengths of navies, and even certain categories of ships are ruled out by the refusal of one or more representative Powers to discuss reduction in one or more classes. The most we can hope for, it seems to me, is a unanimous decision to reduce expenditure in the heaviest class—the battleship—for a fixed term of years, five or six. The cruiser and submarine categories are far less ripe for a common agreement, while the destroyer class is dependant on a submarine agreement.

We Split! We Split!—Lord Grey emerged from the backwoods to provide last week's political sensation. None who prizes the old Liberal tradition (legacy of the Whigs) can cavil at the careful and deliberate choice of the words in which he announced that he and his following in the Party could no longer tolerate the dependence of the Party finances on a fund whose origin they could not approve, whose disposal was largely obscure, and whose controller had forfeited their confidence. The only criticism we (for I, too, was reared in the Liberal tradition) might make of Lord Grey's sober statement is that it should have been uttered earlier, six months ago. If it had been, I believe (in the event) the present condition of the Liberal Party had been far less lamentable. But in a sense, that very deliberation, that almost inexplicable delay in saying clearly what we all knew he must one day say, adds force and strength to his words. His patience was party loyalty. He and his following reluctantly but loyally gave Mr. Lloyd George a chance, after laying down the broad principles of Liberal leadership as they viewed them. Mr. George has not maintained the standard set. Lord Grey and his faithful few are not prepared to tolerate party strategy which keeps a sword suspended over Mr. MacDonald's head.

National Drama and Opera.—It is possible that we are to-day a stage nearer the death of a belief which has been an unconscionable time a-dying—the notion that opera can be made to pay in the West end, and that continuous repertory of the works of Shakespeare and other classic dramatists could by a happy conjunction of circumstances and shrewd private management prove a good business proposition. In the present state of national education and taste such an idea is as fantastic as it has ever been in the past thirty years. But because such continuous programmes could not succeed financially, we are not to assume that they must be abandoned. England is still one of the leaders of the civilised nations, and when we remember her wealth of fifty years ago, we are dumbfounded at the failure of successive Governments to establish national opera and a national theatre in London. It must be a view almost generally held in educated circles that these institutions are among the most important educational forces in the life of the nation. To-day the columns of the Press echo the crying need of educating and improving public taste, and the initiative of the B.B.C. has done a deal of preliminary spade-work to prepare the nation for national opera and classic drama. It appears that at long last we have a Premier sympathetically disposed to the policy of spending public money for this useful purpose. In Mr. Lansbury he has a henchman who may be depended on to carry out his instructions with energy, courage, and imagination.



STILL A MATTER OF GRAVE CONCERN—WATERLOO BRIDGE: The architectural masterpiece has occasioned great anxiety to the L.C.C. owing to subsidence caused by the weight of traffic it has had to bear. An engineer is seen above taking measurements of one of the piles. Waterloo Bridge is considered to be one of the finest bridges in the world

THE HORNSEY WINNER OF A ROME SCHOLARSHIP: Miss Marjorie Brooks who won in 1927 the R.A. Gold Medal and the Edward Stott Travelling Scholarship for Historical Painting has now gained the Rome Scholarship (£250 tenable for two years) for Mural Painting. She worked for four years at the L.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts

Thoughts at the Garrick.—These reflections (and others) crowded in upon me as by chance I watched the end of the run of that indifferent play, *The Bachelor Father*. I thought: How long, oh Lord, how long will dramatists conceive that a farce with a pinch of sentiment or pathos dropped into it becomes a comedy of human life? A farce is for ever a farce, a hard-hearted, scintillating unreality, and no compromise, and no added ingredient can turn it into a mirror of human life. I thought: How long will English drama imagine it joined with a well-trained, melodious voice, well adapted to minor rôles in grand opera or major rôles in light opera, thrown away in sustaining a lamentable part in a thin farce which by no means proves that it was worth the pains of production by the mere fact of endurance for more than the average number of nights.

Politics—A Look Backward.—Up to this day six years ago (only six) English history had no record of a Labour Government. On January 22, 1924, the first Labour Government assumed office. It is a curious surprise to realise this, and stresses the rapidity with which events have moved in politics in the last six years. Parliament has once more assembled, and we may usefully make January, 1924, the starting point in the briefest summary of business done and of the shifting winds of public opinion. The first brief essay of Labour to rule was strangled at birth with laughter. The party returned to the wilderness amid boos and cat-calls. And then began five years of unutterable dreariness when the mention of the word politics was the signal for a general yawn. Lulled by a "secure" majority, the Conservatives lost every vestige of snap, of vitality, of constructive imagination, of appeal. They went to the polls in 1929 utterly unconscious of the sharp reaction against them and their lack of inspiration. In came Labour again, triumphant if not secure, an incredible come-back.

AMERICA'S UNOFFICIAL HISTORIAN: Mr. Will Rogers, the comedian who holds the Mayoralty of Beverley Hills, California, and whose delightful, dry humour has been such a joy to London audiences, has recently abandoned his home for a trip to Europe. His talkie, *They had to See Paris*, is already one of the established successes of the cinematographic year

Labour's Boom and Slump.—For three months the stock of the Labour Government soared like sound rubber shares in a boom. Then the Cabinet was forced to come down to brass tacks—to tackle the domestic problems—and at once became aware of the folly of big boasts and large promises. The slump has been as swift as the rise. The "strong and organised Opposition," which the Labour victory in 1929 promised us has proved mere moonshine. Labour's Opposition has been recruited from the Trades Unions' Shadow Cabinet and the Maxtonians. The Labour Government has succeeded in reviving a mild public interest in politics, not because the party system has once more got back to the rails, not because legislation must stand the acid test of a strong and determined Opposition, but solely because the public cannot keep its eyes turned away from the melodrama staged at Westminster. The Thieves' Kitchen is the scene; the gang has split over the spoils, and sooner or later the stab in the back must be administered from the darkest corner.

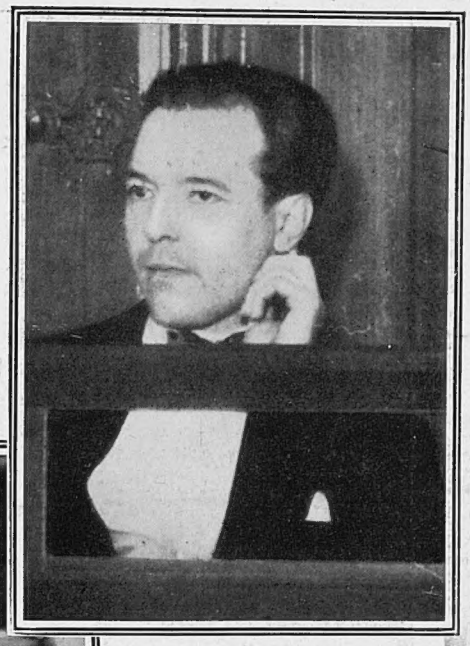
The Summer Game.—I have always believed that the persistent appeal of cricket for 200 years as a national game was largely due to its seasonal character. It was a summer game. In winter the amateur shot pheasants, hunted, or did a little serious work; while the professional made bats, attended his bar, or played obscure football. Whatever they might turn to they suffered the faithful public to forget their names for five dark months of winter. And then when April drew to a close, how fresh and rapturous were our sensations when once more we heard the sound of bat meeting ball in St. John's Wood, how gladly we restored to the forefront of memory Tom Richardson, Hayward, Jessop, and the rest. All is changed now. There is never an evening in the whole year's programme of the B.B.C. but some Test Match score is painfully detailed, there is never a week in the year when the British willow is not battering the British leather.

"All Men Kill. . . ."—When the Australian Tests fell to be played over here we were wont to welcome the thought that our men would come fresh to the game after a winter holiday, but this year the bulk of our test players will hardly recall their last cricket holiday. They have played, as long as memory serves, non-stop. In Australia, aboard ship, in England, in New Zealand, the West Indies, the Argentine, India. . . . Woolley, Duleepsinghi, Hendren, O'Connor, Ames, Gunn, Haig, Rhodes, Voce, Stevens, Sandham. When were we last suffered to forget those mighty names? Oh, no doubt I'm an old curmudgeon, but the Victorian in me cries out that enough is as good as a feast. I believe that cricket and lawn tennis were designed as summer games, and that everlasting and all-pervading winter cricket tours, involving international players, and hard courts, covered courts, and Riviera tournaments, are bound sooner or later to kill our interest in the summer games we love. The return to cricket and tennis was once the year's supreme rapture. I detest the practice of eating delicacies out of season. The consumption of sour strawberries at half-a-crown a piece is the action of a purse-proud plutocrat—the type of man who selects his wine by the price and not by the vintage—and not that of a cultured and well-bred, palate-trained epicure. The art of living is the practice of moderation.

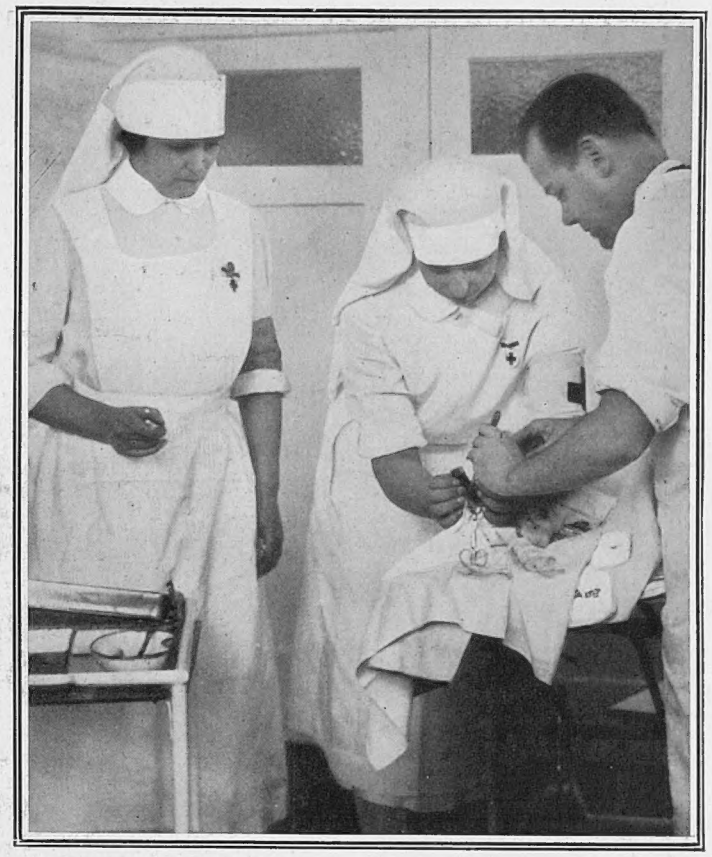
THE OLD STAGER.

EGO!

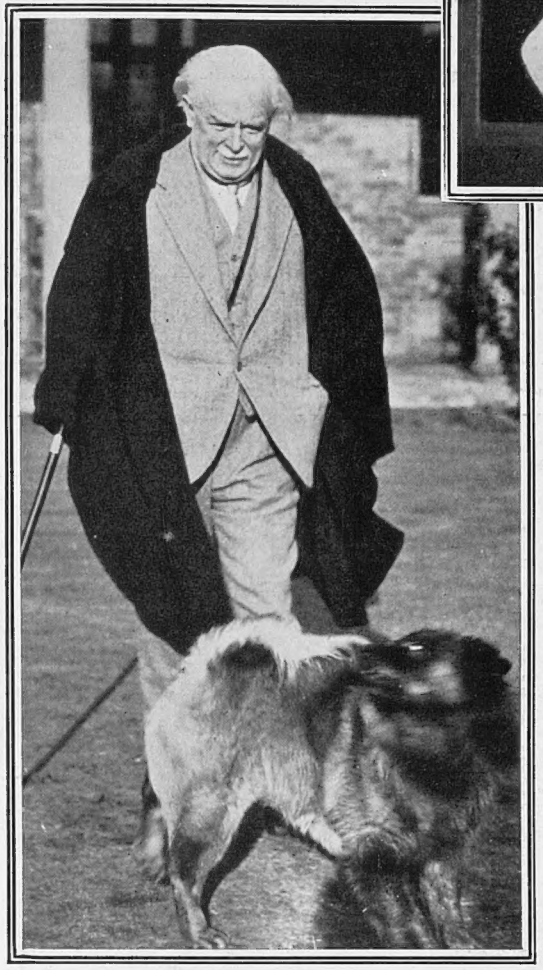
The Topical Declension of the First Person Singular: Personalities in the World's News



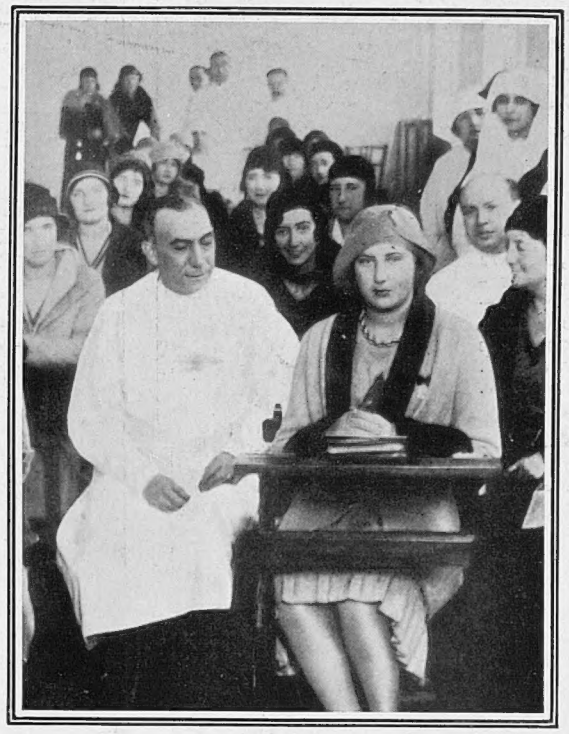
ACQUITTED! François Pinet, who was charged with the murder of Miss Branson, one of the causes célèbres of the year, at Aix-les-Baux, in the dock during his trial



ROYALTY AS SERVITOR: The Infanta Beatrix, the daughter of the King of Spain, at the Hospital of Cruz Roja (Red Cross), Madrid, where she is studying nursing



IN THE THROES OF AN INTERNECINE FEUD: Mr. Lloyd George, who has just passed his sixty-seventh birthday, is at loggerheads with Lord Grey. A wit commented on the rift in the Liberal Party as the great achievement of Science, the successful "splitting of the atom"!

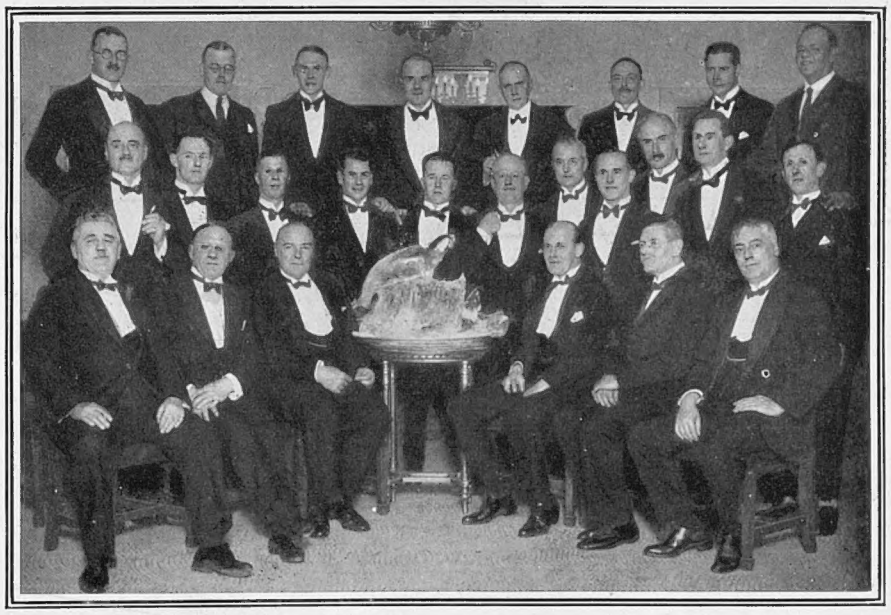


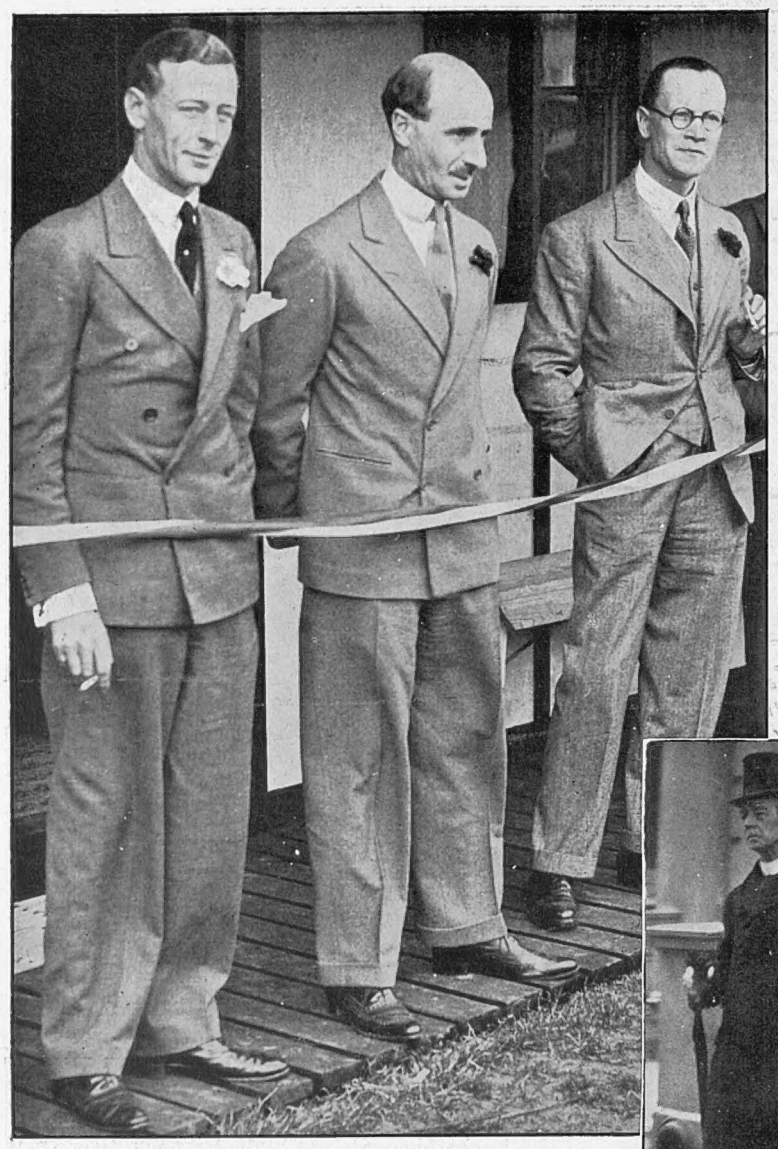
A ROYAL MEDICAL STUDENT: The Infanta Christina attending a lecture at the hospital of Cruz Roja, where she and her sister, the Infanta Beatrix, are taking up nursing seriously and studying nursing

MISS EUROPE'S HONEYMOON: Mr. Brammer with Mrs. Brammer, the famous Hungarian Beauty Queen, at the Hotel Danieli, Venice

NOW ON THE HALLS: Sir Henry Wood with his Symphony Orchestra to be heard at the Coliseum instead of the morefamiliar Queen's Hall

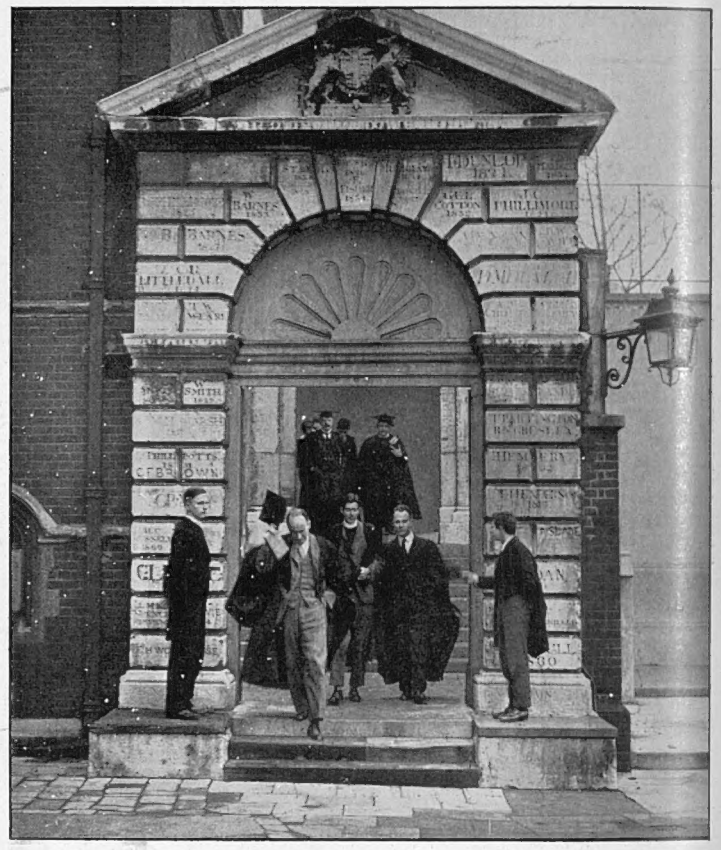
On right: *ANTARCTIC SURVIVORS: A group of guests at the dinner given by the Antarctic Club. The decoration is a seal executed in ice*





ON TRIAL: *Messrs. Hatry, Daniels, and Dixon, who are standing their trial for alleged fraud and forgery in connection with the greatest crash the City has ever known—a crash in which £15,000,000 will not cover the damage. The sum at issue in the trial is £1,900,000. An imposing array of eminent Counsel have been briefed. The Attorney-General is prosecuting. On right is Mr. Justice Avory, who is trying the case*

THE TRIUMPH OF YOUTH: *An English team, stigmatised as "raw," decisively defeated Wales by 11 points to 3 at Cardiff, despite the fact that the Principality put what was believed to be the best XV produced since the War into the field. The victors are seen above at "lemon-time"*



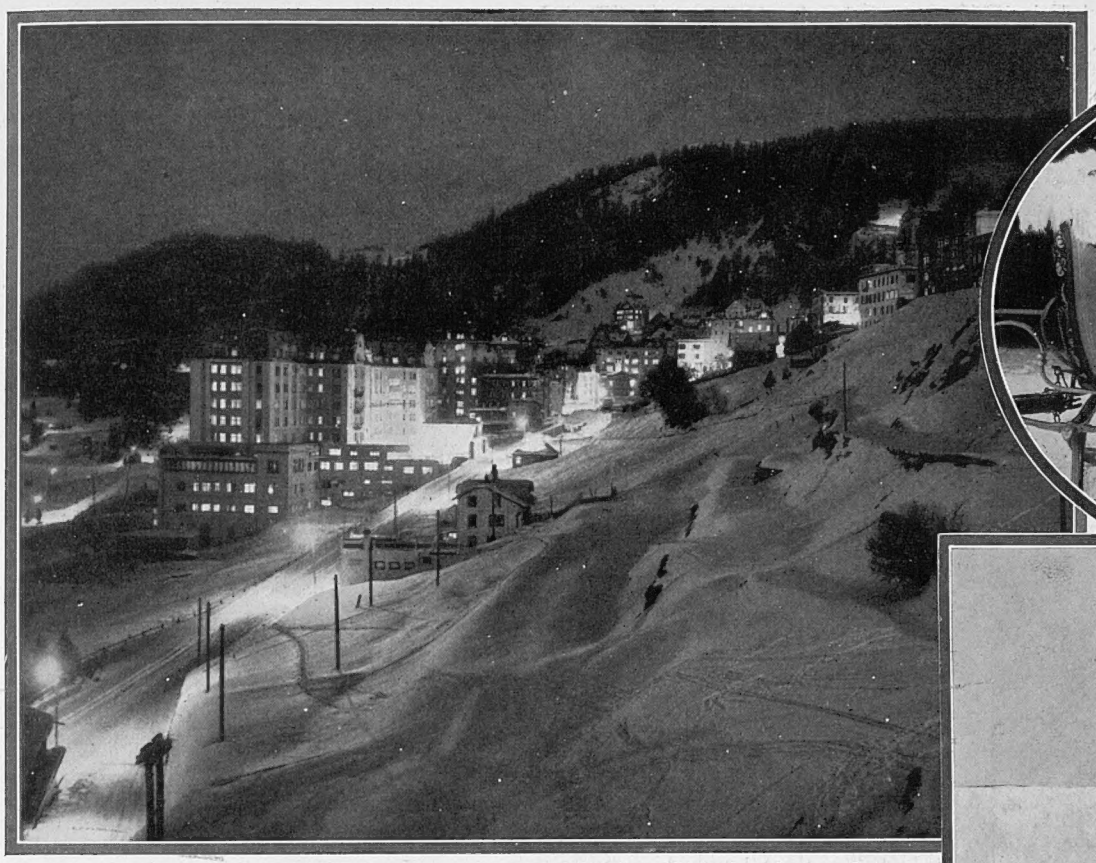
"MONOS": *An old tradition at Westminster School. This demands that a King's Scholar in his second year stand at the entrance to the hall, where he is joined by the Senior Monitor. The Scholar then "caps" (i.e. doffs his hat to) the masters as they come down the steps from prayers*

THE 1928 PRAYER BOOK BURNED OUTSIDE EXETER CATHEDRAL: *Following the introduction of the much-disputed Prayer Book into the Cathedral, a procession one hundred odd strong marched thither bearing a copy of the offending book which had been soaked in inflammable material by the Rev. G. E. Milne, Secretary of the League of Loyal Churchmen. It was then publicly burned by Mr. Cecil Orr of Dawlish*

THE "CURSE STONE" MOVED AT LAST: *The tablet commemorating the murder of a sailor at the Devil's Punch Bowl, Hindhead, was inscribed "Cursed be the man who injureth or removeth this stone." In defiance of superstition the stone has now been moved. The Thirteen Club offered to effect the removal*

THE PASSING PAGEANT OF THE DAY'S EVENTS

A Rapid Pictorial Survey of Various Events of Interest on the Home Front

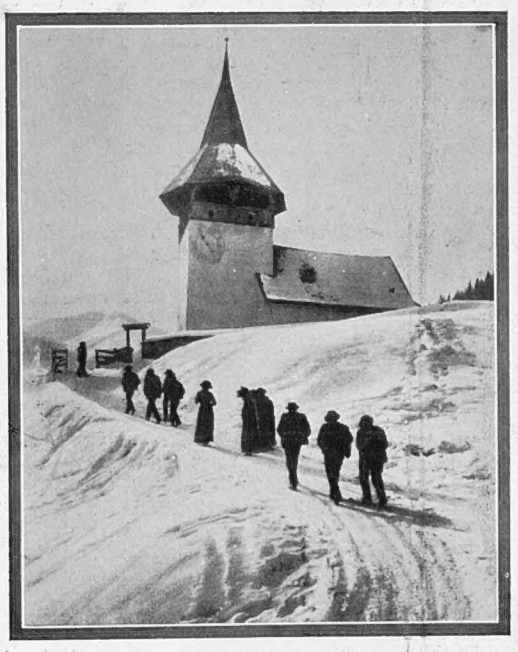


"THE SHADES OF NIGHT": *A nocturne of St. Moritz. Though each time of the day has its own particular charm, a night in Switzerland has in it something of mystery. The glaciers shimmer palely beneath the moon, and the snow seems tinged with indigo. The trees and the shadows on the mountain side vie with one another in the intensity of their sable*

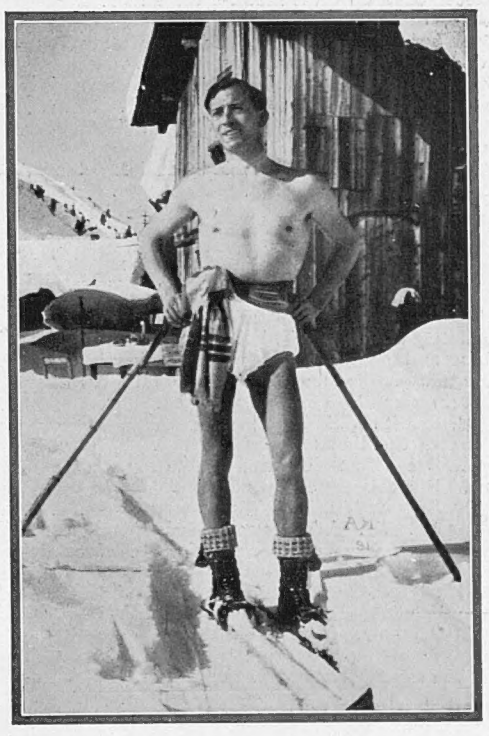
"ACHTUNG!" *The inevitable cry of the bob-sleigher resounds, a leit motif in the symphony of Swiss winter sport. The banking on a good run rivals any Brooklands thrill. Inset above is a sleigh party consisting of Captain and Mrs. Cunningham Reid, Mr. and Miss Warner, and Lord Donegall*

"UPWARD, EVER UPWARD": *A party of ardent enthusiasts climb to the hut at Corvigl'a, some 8,000 ft. up. Though the ascent is very strenuous, the run back to St. Moritz renders it eminently worth while*

FASHION IN THE SNOW: *For the first time Paris has sent mannequins to show models at St. Moritz. Mme Paul Guillaume is seen above in a Patou model recalling a Dutch waterman*



THE CALL OF THE FAITHFUL: *A party makes its way to the little church at Davos, the great health centre in the Swiss Alps. Most of the popular resorts maintain a special English church*



A SPARTAN OF 1930: *M. Charles d'Argorie, the Swiss ski champion, who braves the Alpine winter in the exiguous garments seen above, and yet maintains himself in the perfection of health*

SPORT IN EXCELSIS ON THE ALPINE SLOPES

THE CASE OF INTERPRETER VERMOLEN

A Sergeant Grisha of the Western Front

As the film sees it. A melodramatic incident from a recent production which differs widely from the callous routine of real life

A vivid vignette of War founded on fact, which sets forth, for the first time, the actual technique of desertion on the Western Front

By FERDINAND TUOHY

I suppose one would still call Camille Vermolen a bad egg even these long years after.

Yet there may have been extenuating circumstances to his case (at least, so it has always seemed to me).

Take the matter of his nationality. He wasn't, of race or heart, in sympathy with the particular ally in whose army he had to fight. He was a Flamand fighting with the French.

Again, the impartial critic will certainly not overlook the fact of Vermolen having possessed peculiar knowledge leading to his downfall.

A third extenuating feature concerns the debatable degree of culpability attaching to his act in view of what may well have been his initial intention.

Finally, there is the agonising *impasse* Vermolen got himself into.

So much said, we may turn back to a certain day of late 'sixteen somewhere in France.

It was a hopeless, rainy, blowy winter's day of the kind which sent one's resistance to events down to zero; and Camille Vermolen, as he sheltered in a copse during an afternoon trudge in the vicinity of rest billets, was just about sunk to that temperature, morally and mentally, as well as physically. He related afterwards how the whole concentrated misery and abomination of the preceding eighteen months came up before him out of the abject rain, rain, as he sheltered in that copse. Yet that was scarcely the worst. That which drove him most down into the depths was recollection of how he had lost a soft job—an interpretership with an Allied division in Flanders—through being absent without leave all night, once in the company . . . well, in the company of a girl-behind-the-lines. That seems to have been young Vermolen's trouble—that rude peasantry fated for a brief span to be so incongruously pursued.

"I knew Flemish as well as French. It was easy for me," explained this Don Juan of the Yser to the martial barrister judging that lapse.

Nevertheless the punishment thought to fit the crime was severe. The accused interpreter, who had done such good *liaison* work between the troops and civilian population, was sent back to his horizon-blue unit in line; which with Camille more intelligent, more sensitive than his fellows (and perhaps flabbier), going through unmitigated hell, rendered the more unbearable by the ex-interpreter's tendency to withdraw into himself and pine for that close association with his Flemish blood-brethren.

Well—there we about are, on that devastatingly depressing day in 'sixteen when a brooding soldier of the Allies sought shelter from December skies.

So wretched. indeed, so bowed down was Camille Vermolen, that he hardly noticed when, after a while, an officer drew up on a motor-cycle almost directly opposite, outside a billet.

Somehow the bike seemed to be stirring some chord of memory—though just what the ex-interpreter was blest if he could tell. Why should this rotten motor-cycle interest him? What . . .

Ah! Of course! Those divisional intelligence warnings of old!

"Every case of a motor-cycle being left untended must be reported without fail."

"Such abandoned machines constitute the easiest means of desertion."

Quickening to memory's impulse, Camille Vermolen drew other phrases out of the past from those Intelligence warnings. "And are a constant temptation." "Not only can the deserter get away immediately unchallenged, but he can later sell the machine and so get over the first critical days." "Deserters on foot and by train are far more liable to apprehension." Yes, that was true.

Odd, that it should have been left here.

Back to the line to-morrow night. The awful, accursed line of cratered mud pools deep enough to drown. Bicycle.

Bicycle! Supposing. Get somewhere . . . anywhere . . . join his own people!

Not a soul in sight. A clear stretch for kilometres. Shaking more violently, Vermolen hesitated yet. But "things were more strong than me" (his own words later).

Half stumbling in his excitement over to the temporarily abandoned machine, Camille Vermolen kicked the starter and shot away.

The fugitive motor-cyclist didn't reach his selected haven—a certain port filled with his own people—for many, many hours, and when he did he was in sorry case as the result of capsizing into a ditch. A gash on the cheek. and a twisted knee, and a somewhat bent machine.

Now he was lying up, in a dingy back street off the docks; indeed, would be obliged to lie up for a week or two. Couldn't walk. However, money he possessed. And with money one was safe enough in war-time among the lowest class of population. He had even obtained his funds—three hundred francs, a vast sum for a private soldier—from the surreptitious disposal of "his" motor-cycle through the agency of an evil-looking landlord, while the scraggy old hag of a landlady who administered to his rough invalid wants had obtained for him an outfit of docker's clothes. Vermolen was certain, from their leers, that both knew his secret, but all he cared for just then were those francs and clothes. His uniform he suffocatingly demolished during a matter of days—or rather nights—in the worst form of French stove. But he still couldn't get up. His knee wouldn't support him. So he just lay low, planning, scheming what to do next.

Should he try to join his "own" army? ("But how can I account for myself?")

Or should he, pretending to be a permanent casualty with his limp, try and sign on with a vessel sailing for South America. Or would his fluent Flemish allow him to pose as a Dutch colonist and enable him to ship in that direction as an odd hand?

While he lay up, the conflict of what to do endured in the conscience of Camille Vermolen, who was certain that he had now been several days posted as a deserter before the enemy.

Nevertheless he had his docker's camouflage, and his limp should stand him in good stead—put them off the scent. His cheek, too. The gash had healed rapidly, but there would be a scar there for some time to come.

So fluctuated the reflections of Camille Vermolen as he lay abed towards Christmas time of 1916, until, in fact, Christmas morn, when matters were brought abruptly to a head by the landlord appearing and announcing:

"I know what you are. But you must leave here at once, to-day, now, leg or no leg. The gendarmerie are making one of their house-to-house rounds. I have had some of your breed before. My advice to you is the same as it was to them. Put on those clothes and go and get a job, any job, down at the docks. Then at the first opportunity sign on or stow away in a neutral ship. There are lots of them. And they're short of hands. Afraid of the submarines?"

In this manner was deserter Vermolen rushed off his feet, as it were, whatever may have been his intentions, good or bad.

"Are you certain it is he?"

"Yes, my officer."

The captain in charge of suspect work glared at the young woman standing timorously before his desk. A registered woman of the town and the lowest form of indicatress; one could go any length with her in the way of shouting.

"Why do you think it is he? Explain!"

"Because, my officer, before the War in 1914 I lived with him three months. I was good then. I know him anywhere . . . and his scar and his lame leg. Why, of course, it is the dirty type you are looking for!"

"Why didn't you follow him?"

"I began to, but there were so many people in the main street that I lost him."

"But he couldn't have been going so very fast with his bad leg!"

"Perhaps he turned a corner, my officer. I . . ."

"Listen, woman Berteaux. To-morrow morning you will be here at seven o'clock—it was eight this morning that you saw him? Silence! And you will go with one of my under-officers and you will watch, and when this man passes you will denounce him. Go."

On the fourth morning of Camille Vermolen's makeshift job at the docks under an assumed name, and as he was limping to work, he was pounced upon and lugged, with thumpings and kicks, to gendarmerie headquarters. When he arrived there he was pretty well dazed. Still he had sufficient wits left to appreciate that the game was up. Not the slightest use denying things. A firing squad at dawn.

Yet, to his intense surprise, that didn't appear to be the situation at all.

Almost as he crossed the threshold of the courtyard into which he was half thrown, an officer jabbed him in the ribs and shouted into his ear *in German*:

"And so, Hans Schmidt, we've got you, eh? Admit you're Hans Schmidt! At once!" (A blow full in the face.)

For a moment of pain and mystification combined, Camille Vermolen swayed, scarcely reasoning. Then he had an inspiration of the kind that are apt to come to quick minds at such moments.

"Ja," he said; no more.

"To the cells!" roared the officer who now, for a change, spat in his prisoner's face.

Camille Vermolen had a fair sprinkling of German based on his Flemish. Since they believed him to be some German-speaking individual called Hans Schmidt, he could easily go on being Hans Schmidt.

But who was this Hans Schmidt whose identity he had been literally pounded into assuming?

The savage attitude of his gaolers, as if their charge were the foulest ever, was what first caused the prisoner serious misgivings. The day following, he was to know a little, though not much more.

At four in the afternoon, and after having been kept without food and water for thirty hours, he was confronted with a female he had never before beheld in his life, yet who identified him with the utmost conviction, as Hans Schmidt, her quondam lover.

Being asked no questions, and still indisposed to reveal himself, the accused kept silent, allowing himself to be thrust back to the cells.

But that night certain fears began to form. Supposing this Hans Schmidt, who from his name must certainly be a German, were also a . . . Camille Vermolen scarcely dared to breathe the word.

The smothered hunt for Hans Schmidt, the German spy known to be on the trail of Tank information, had been as sharp and brief as it had been intense. The capture was indeed a great feather in local caps. So much so that the captors were loath to part with their prize when a senior city intimated that the prisoner was to be forthwith conducted thither that he might be expertly examined.

With this movement-order the trained officers on the spot were not at all in accord. *They* desired the kudos for extracting that important information.

In this way a further day was taken up with telephonic wrangling until the local point was conceded. A brief general examination was sanctioned.

Well, that would be enough, smiled the local experts to themselves; and prepared paper and pencils preparatory to pouncing upon their prey.

They were cheated.

Hardly had they recovered from the shock caused by their prisoner's appearance as he was led before them—forty-eight hours without water was stiff, but it didn't make a man look like a death's head, a trembling, wild-eyed human wreck—then they gasped upon hearing this stammered out in French:

"It isn't true! It isn't true! I'm not a Boche spy! I am Camille Vermolen, deserter from the (regiment and location). *Examine, ask, and you will see I am telling the truth! Death—yes! But not as a Boche! Now give me water and send me away to be shot!"*

He was.

THE ICE-BREAKERS: Swans on the lake in Ormeau Park, Belfast, force their way through the film of ice which has formed over the surface

IS the CLERK of the WEATHER a WOMAN?

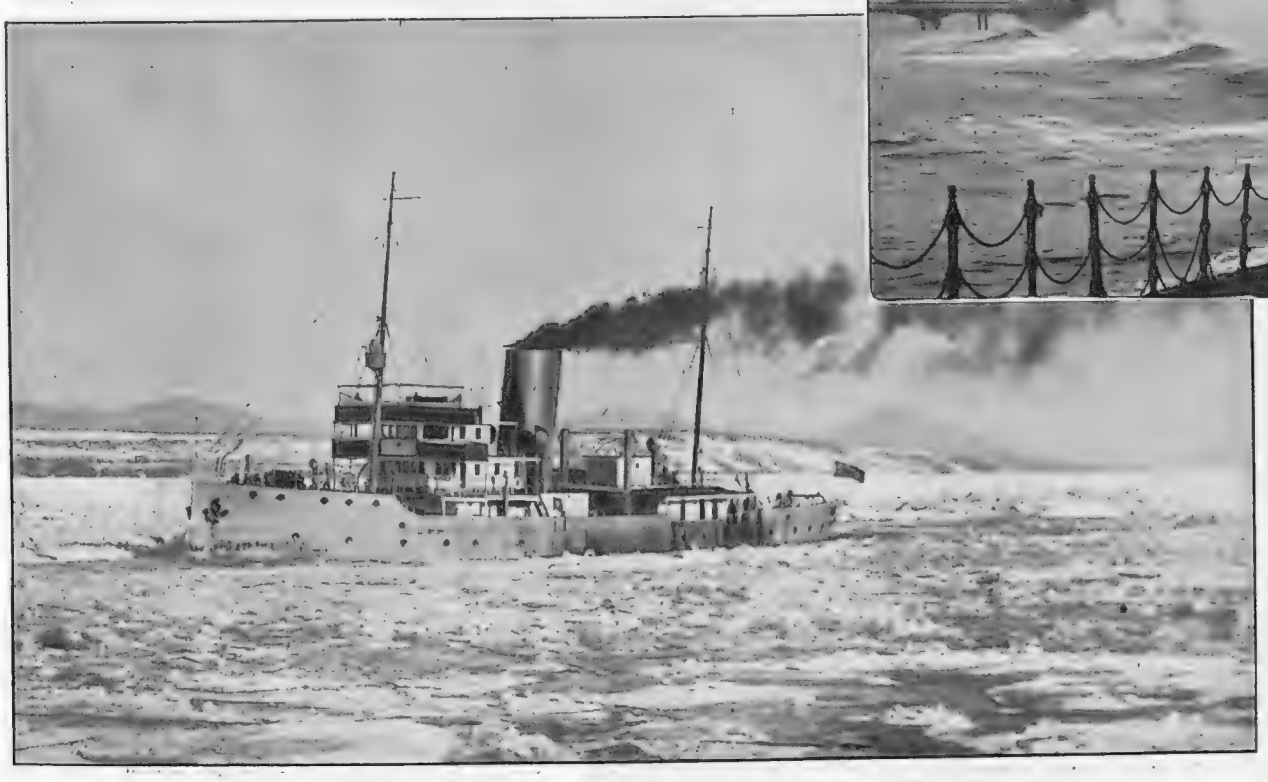
It is no Wonder if one Believes that a Member of the Fickle Sex has in her Charge the Ever-changeable Weather

SUMMER IN JANUARY: A scene in Hyde Park during last week-end, when overcoats, if worn at all, were either carried or worn unbuttoned—a clemency rapidly followed by icy fog

BREAKERS AHEAD: A moment of the great gale which has been ravaging the coast of Aberdeenshire. Great seas are seen above breaking over the Tower Promenade and the sea-wall. The North has suffered of late while the South has been lucky

BATHING IN SEA AND SUN: Lady Victor Paget, Mr. Duff Cooper, and Lady Diana Duff Cooper taking it easy on La Playa Beach, Havana, where "the sun it shineth every day" in contradistinction to its practice in our own clime

SPRAY IN A CLOUD: Blackpool has been undergoing some heavy weather of late, as may be gathered from this picture



On left—CLEARING THE ST. LAWRENCE: The new Canadian ice-breaker, "Saurel," the most modern craft of her type, which keeps the passage from Quebec to the sea free of ice during the hard winter

Preparing for the Great PEACE *Battle*

The arrival in London of the American Delegation, its stenographers and its luggage, and the Italian Delegation, which paid an immediate visit to the Cenotaph——The Armoury in St. James's Palace now a fully equipped Press-room

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA: The great crowd assembled at Paddington to welcome the American delegates

MEN OF THE SEA: Sir Charles Madden and Mr. A. V. Alexander with General Dawes

FOR THE PRESS: The Armoury in St. James's Palace—the room in which Charles I spent his last night on earth—has been put at the disposal of the international journalists who will "cover" the Conference. On the right is the unique cable office erected for the benefit of the Press in the Armoury

THE ROMAN DELEGATION GIVES THE ROMAN SALUTE: The Italian delegates to the Conference laid a wreath on the Cenotaph and gave the revivified Roman greeting, now known as the Fascist salute, as they left. Signor Grandi is the bearded figure in the front row

RECORDING ANGELS: The stenographers of the American Delegation who came over on the "Peace Ship," *George Washington*, which docked at Plymouth

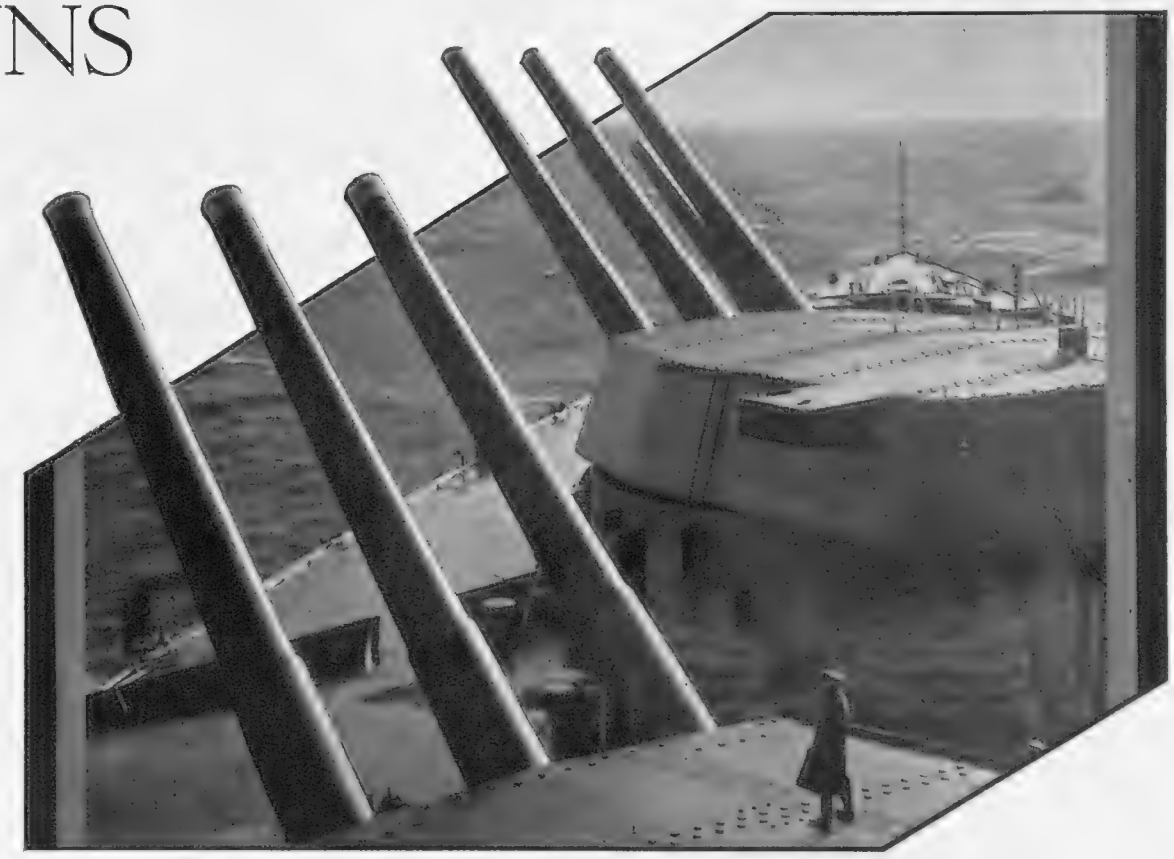
IMPEDIMENTA FROM THE STATES: The imposing array of wardrobe trunks at Paddington Station

The RIDDLE *of the* GUNS

SHIPS AND SHELLS: A Naval Conundrum

It is not only the number of ships, but the armament, the shells, and their explosives that should concern the Naval Conference

By Arthur MARSHALL



THE MOST POWERFUL GUNS IN THE WORLD: The 16-inch guns of H.M.S. Nelson *in action during recent manœuvres*

The Naval Conference is drawing attention to questions of fighting ships and their armaments. Such discussions have in the past tended to increase rather than diminish the animosities between the nations, but now there is more hope of amicable agreement because we are beginning to realise that serious war is impossible for at least a generation. The ill-feelings aroused by the Great War are at last dying down, whilst war weariness still remains. Therefore this is the moment to arrive at settlements which will prevent in future disputes as to the size of rival navies. Such settlements are necessarily complicated and difficult to arrive at, and are hopeless unless the nations are already in a friendly state of mind with one another.

It is by no means easy to judge the relative strengths of navies. Even in counting up the numbers of ships different experts arrive at divergent figures. Thus the table given by Commander F. G. Cooper in THE SPHERE for October 19 is not the same as that recently issued by the First Lord of the Admiralty. Further difficulties are caused by the differences in the armaments of ships in the same category in different navies. A large gun not only fires a heavier shell than a small gun, but throws it farther. The importance of this was rendered clear to all the world in the fights off South America: in the Battle of Coronal the range of the German guns was so much the greater that the British ships were destroyed without being able to inflict any damage on the Germans. At the Falklands the tables were turned, and the powerful modern ships we had sent out for the purpose were able to sink the Germans without suffering serious damage themselves.

In these two battles one side or the other was so much the stronger that the results were inevitable, and threw little light on the relative merits of the methods of gun construction and shell-filling adopted in England and Germany. The same applies to the other minor fights; it was only at the Battle of Jutland that both sides had present large numbers of the latest and most powerful ships.

Even that was not very conclusive, and it has since transpired that each of the naval commanders-in-chief had received definite instructions not to fight to a finish. Therefore when night fell the Germans returned to harbour as fast as they could, and the English did not pursue them very vigorously. The British fleet consequently "won on points," having had a larger number of capital ships on the field of battle. Even now, when so much has been published, one can only ascertain what really happened by studying the foreign accounts, especially the German and American, as the English official and other statements are far from explicit.

Is there any accepted standard—any co-efficient or least common denominator—(let us call it "x") into which one may boil down the value of fighting ships by considering their gun-power, hitting-range, hitting-rapidity, speed, armour, unsinkability, and cruising range, and giving to each factor a figure of merit which, when added together or subtracted, would give "x" the "resultant"? There is none—and it is impossible to find such a resultant. As an instance, France might well design such a Mediterranean or coast-defence 10,000-ton cruiser as would be too much in gun-power and defensive armour for any English ship of similar displacement. And yet that same ship's value off the coasts of, say, Madagascar, would be NIL, since its bunker-space would not allow it to get there, fuel having been sacrificed to guns and armour. Herein again you find a further complication in that coaling-stations, their frequency and distance apart, would heavily influence the "x" value. The personnel in ships is also a large, though immeasurable, factor. Also in heavier ships the available angle of elevation of guns in turrets, as influencing range, comes in. Lastly, down comes a fog, suddenly equalising a battleship and a t.b.d., with points for the moment in favour of the latter. One therefore begins to see that in the inescapable impossibility of finding a formula for "x," a common figure by multiples of which all ships, or any one ship, could be judged, any talk of parity or disparity between navies is nugatory. The optimum of any class of ship depends directly and exclusively on the specialised problems of the nation building it

—"X"

The German naval Captain Globig, writing in a volume issued in 1927 by General Max Schwarte, has discussed German and English armour and shell. There is great difficulty in making a shell that will penetrate many inches of armour plate made of specially tough alloy steel. The shell should pass through unbroken, and when it has reached the inside of the enemy ship it should detonate with great violence. This requires very special materials and most careful manufacture. Two firms have been mainly concerned with it—in England, Hadfields, and in Germany, Krupps; but up to the date of Jutland Krupps were the more successful. In order that the point of the shell may not be broken off on contact with the armour it has to be protected by a cap of softer metal, and all this required many special and costly experiments. The English shell would penetrate armour-plate provided that it hit it perpendicularly to the surface or nearly so, but the German shell would go through even though it struck the plate at a considerable angle.

The following table gives the sizes of the big guns at present mounted in the ships of the various navies and the weights of the shells that they fire:—

	Calibre Inches	*Weight of Shell Pounds*
Britain - -	16	2,461
U.S.A. - -	16	2,100
Japan - -	16	?
Britain - -	15	1,920
U.S.A. - -	14	1,440
Japan - -	14	1,400
Britain - -	13·5	1,400
France - -	13·4	1,256
Italy - -	12	997
France - -	12	960
U.S.A. - -	12	870
Britain - -	12	850
Germany - -	11	661

Even larger guns than 16-inch have been made but are no longer in commission. The result of the Naval Conference will probably be to abolish some of the larger calibres.

The nature of the explosive contained in the cavity of the shell is of at least as great importance as the metal of which the envelope is made, although it only constitutes about 3 per cent. of the total weight. At one time all shells were loaded with ordinary gunpowder, which is so insensitive that it stands the terrific shock of the impact without exploding, until it is fired by the fuse mounted in the base or nose of the shell, but gunpowder is not a very violent explosive. Then picric acid was introduced, generally called "lyddite" in the British service. This is far more destructive but often fires on impact, so that the shell cannot penetrate into the enemy ship. The Germans replaced picric acid by a less sensitive explosive, trinitro-toluene (otherwise T.N.T.), and they phlegmatised it further by mixing a small proportion of wax with it.

The results of German thoroughness were revealed at Jutland. Our magnificent battle-cruisers, blew up one after the other at the beginning of the battle. Defective design and bad organisation of the gun drill rendered this possible, and the easy explosibility of picric acid greatly magnified the disasters. No such catastrophes happened to the German ships.

German thoroughness is still in evidence in the battleship they are now building, called provisionally the *ErsatzPreussen* (*i.e.* replacer of the *Prussia*). Not being allowed to build a battleship of more than 10,000 tons, they have succeeded in designing one of this tonnage having a speed of 26 knots and armed with six 11-inch guns. Although we hope not to have to use our warships and we may not require such large numbers as we possess at present, those that we do retain ought to be efficient in all respects.

World Affairs

An Intimate *Causerie* on Items of International Interest

Lenare

THE SECRETARY-GENERAL: Sir Maurice Hankey, who will shed light on the Five Power Conference

THE LION PREMIER: M. Hamaguchi, the most enigmatical figure—a true "poker-face" who will influence the Naval Conference

HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI: Who has issued a protest which demands for the Church the dominant position in the education of the young

TO BE PERENNIALLY YOUNG? A group of typically modern Chinese girls who may, if the research of Miss Sung succeeds, be granted eternal youth

By Lady Drummond-HAY

FIVE POWERS.—The Five Power Naval Conference for the reduction and limitation of naval armaments of the five greatest sea powers, as a step in the direction of a general disarmament conference, was opened on Monday by the King.

We have with us — an America, republican administration conservative to the point of being reactionary, yet intensely progressive, aggressively ambitious for power and wealth, with a *flair* for setting up American standards of morals, economics, and politics the world over. America's very able Delegation is headed by Colonel Stimson, Secretary of State, lawyer, who has some of the taciturnity of President Hoover.

A nationalistic France, economically, financially, militarily the strongest power on the Continent, conscious of that strength, self-reliant, ever ready to talk peace and disarmament, always prepared for war. The youthfully vigorous, energetic premier M. Tardieu, and the subtle, cynical, philosophic foreign minister, Aristide Briand, are at the head of the French Delegation.

An Imperial Japan of intense patriotic tradition, justly proud of a marvellous evolution to modernity, the only great power to-day which at the same time has both a first-class navy and a first-class army. Jealous of her position and prestige in the Far East, determined to hold and defend them. Enigmatical, ever smiling, always courteous. A former premier, Mr. Reijiro Wakasuki, and minister of marine, Admiral Takarabe, are the chiefs of Delegation.

An Italy of Fascist dictatorship—the Italy of Mussolini—striving for a greater "place in the sun," ambitious to become an empire, heading whither no one exactly knows, with youngest of Delegation chiefs, Signor Grandi, the able, facile, very suave foreign minister, wearing a small dark curtain of beard to conceal the lack of years, as the Duce's chief representative.

The host—Britain—the Britain of a socialistically-inclined Labour Government endeavouring to further the cause of peace.

Two empires, two republics, one Fascisti kingdom! Leaders among the Anglo-Saxon, the Latin, and the brown races. Three of them, America, Britain, France, the wealthiest nations on earth. All are signatories of the Kellogg Pact of the renunciation of war as an instrument of policy. Four of the five, members of the League of Nations. Two of them, Britain and France, with the largest colonial empires in the world, many times larger than the motherland.

FIVE PLAYERS.—The men who in the last analysis will play the decisive cards at the Naval Conference—MacDonald, strongly pacifistic, Labour Premier. Hoover, cool, calculating engineer and organiser, with one eye on re-election as President of the United States and the other on the world to be conquered as America's economic field. Tardieu, who will be quite satisfied if Europe, the greater part of Africa from the Congo northward, and a slice of Asia—Indo-China—will take orders from France and look upon Paris as the light of the world. Mussolini, the modern Julius Cæsar, aspiring to make Rome what it was under the latter and who, as he himself told me in 1925, does not believe that "mass can govern mass" there, is doing it himself in Italy and doing it well.

Finally Premier Hamaguchi, the "Lion Premier" as he is called in Japan, the most enigmatical and greatest "poker-face" of all, holds the fifth hand. An expressionless face, as I saw him in August, the "man who never smiles," is the oldest, coldest, most unemotional, and lives the most simply.

Mussolini is the youngest, the poorest-paid, has the most magnificent palace as official residence, is the most impatient, impulsive, and hot-headed. Tardieu is the most handsome, the most vigorous and independent, also the most polished. MacDonald the most humane by temperament and political doctrine, the most inclined to concession and compromise, for he loves peace. May it be a gentleman's game.

CHURCH AND STATE IN ITALY.—Recent protest from the Pope in Rome against the Fascists' alleged mistreatment of the Catholic Action Movement, the Catholic Press, and the "sacred character of the Eternal City" has been followed by a Papal New Year message emphasising prior rights for the Church over the State in the matter of child-education. Significant gestures, drawing sharp attention to one of Italy's most poignant home problems. Working harmony between the Church and State is becoming increasingly difficult and delicate. Inevitable tension, caused by difference of opinion and policy of education, was one of the subjects I heard freely discussed in Rome just before Christmas by Catholics, Fascists, and diplomats.

Italy is the one country where a post-War wave of acute Nationalism, or dictatorship, has not to a great extent dethroned and usurped State religion. Mussolini, in contrast to Lenin of Russia, Kemal Pasha of Turkey, leaders of modern France, China, Mexico, and many other progressive nations, has not tried to force upon his people the emblem of Nationalism as deity in place of the Church. On the contrary, he rejoices in the success and results of his historic reconciliation with the Vatican.

Personal gesture, no matter how commendable or inspired, must be powerless in time against the tide of national evolution or the tendencies of the youth movement. There has been a certain amount of friction already between Church and State on the subject of the education of children and young people of Italy. The State has triumphed sufficiently to have opened the gates of vision, progress, ambition, and modernisation to the youth of the country. The Church, ever jealous and often uneasy of its prestige, will soon be forced to a decision as to whether its traditions are sufficiently elastic to permit adaptation to a new order of things.

Yet adapt itself it must or suffer eclipse, as it and other churches have done in countries where no goodwill attempt was made to bridge the gap between Church and State, which is inevitable in this twentieth century. Such a gap does not indicate the decay of religion, but a sane realisation that while tradition provides a priceless background of culture and moral stability it is suicidal to individual and national achievement if allowed to become a spoke in the wheel of progress and modernisation.

There is no doubt as to whose banner Young Italy would flock if forced to a decision. Mussolini has too long coached his young people in the way of personal self-respect, national pride, and international ambitions for the Church to hope to win them back to even partial submission. Young Italian people emphasised that they and their contemporaries are as devoted to the Church as ever their parents were before them, but that post-War conditions demand two separate channels of education and preparation for entry into the business of life to-day. They cited to me the examples of backward countries, like Spain and Austria and Ireland, where undue priest-influence retards progress instead of providing the beacon-light to spiritual and mental development that it should and could do. They deplored the waning prestige of traditional religion in the new democracies without being able to deny the progress of many of those countries. Italy's problem of Church versus State may never become acute in the capable hands of the present Pope and Dictator Mussolini, but the tension is there.

ELIXIR OF YOUTH.—The secret of immortality loses nothing of its lure for mortal humanity even in this alleged pessimistic generation. The romantic and often fantastic quest of the Elixir of Youth shows no sign of abating. In place of sinister witches, mumbling wise women, or mysterious alchemists of the Dark Ages, hard-headed, calculating scientists of the twentieth century are still seeking to wrest from the gods the secret of their divinity.

While Doctor Maurice Ernest is promising us in the West the prospect of living an additional century or more, the Chinese Government is financing a Chinese girl medical student at the Chiba Medical College in Japan to study Han drugs. Miss Y. Sung, convinced that the secret of the Elixir of Youth lies in some ancient Chinese books, in turn persuaded her Government to send her to Japan, where in the College Department of pharmacology she is preparing herself for a life's devotion to the research of immortality.

"The Han drugs, studied in Japan for centuries as a part of the Kampox medicine, has saved the lives of the Chinese for 5,000 years," Miss Sung declared in Tokio, "and I believe in the ancient books which describe the drugs of eternal youth and immortality. If I study them chemically I believe I can discover much better drugs than those found in Occidental medicine." Miss Sung has promised to give her life to the study of Han drugs and the quest of the Elixir of Youth.

The school of Chinese medicine, thousands of years old, is now the subject of profound scientific and analytical research in the modern far east. Mr. T. Ishitoya, one of the professors of pharmacology at the Keijo Imperial University, Korea, is another oriental scientist who believes that in the ancient drugs and prescriptions of Chinese medicine may lie new health for modern generations.

FROM *the* ENDS *of the* EARTH.

KING MICHAEL of Rumania: STEFAN RADITCH Suitably Honoured: AUSTRALIAN Heat Waves: SEMINOLE Indians get a Bird's-eye View of their Old Hunting Grounds: Winter Sports in U.S.A.

THE CROAT LEADER HONOURED: The statue of Stefan Raditch, who was murdered in the Parliament House, Belgrade. More than fifty towns in Crotia have contributed to its erection in the little town of Petrinja. It is the work of Mila Wod. The attitude in which Raditch is represented is characteristic of him

WINTER IN ENGLAND IS SUMMER DOWN BELOW! While we have been undergoing storms of various kinds—snow, wind, rain, hail, frost, and fog—Australia has been enduring heat-waves. This scene shows one of the popular beaches near Sydney where it is just possible, but only just, to keep cool. The crowd of children and adults in bathing costumes reduces many Europeans to speechless envy!

RED INDIANS SEE THEIR ANCESTRAL HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS FROM THE AIR: Seminole Indians follow the "baby blimp" *Defender* at Miami with six of the tribe on board

A MINOR AND MAJOR MONARCH IN ONE: H.M. King Michael of Rumania, who, despite his lack of years, is far from being but a minor monarch; for centred in his small person is a state which is fraught with the gravest potentialities in the near future. His youthful majesty is seen above in the grounds of the Royal Palace at Sinaia. In common with most modern royalties, King Michael is brought up on largely English lines

"OUT OF COLDNESS COMETH FORTH HEAT"! A picturesque scene at Osborne Lodge, Speculator, New York State, one of the St. Moritzes or Mürrens of the U.S.A., where the winter sports season is now at its height. In the ice-house—far removed, however, from the igloo of the Eskimo—the camp fire blazes warmly and merrily. Mrs. L. G. Shroeder, Mrs. W. M. Thompson, and Mrs. Clara Kreynborg are seen above, showing the idea that American women are hot-house flowers is a false one. Rifles, shot-guns, and snow shoes form part of their equipment

A FAIRY TREE: Encased in ice and fringed with snow, this arboreal delight in St. Moritz tinkles in the breeze

RHAPSODY in WHITE

Blossoms of Ice and Snow, the Sterile but Beautiful Harvest of Winter

BARREN BLOSSOMS OF SNOW: An enchanting beauty of silhouette with a curiously feathery effect. Our picture comes from the Engadin

BOWED WITH THE BURTHEN OF WINTER: A branch weighted down with snow on the borders of the Lake of St. Moritz

ROSES OF ICE: The strange formation along a fault in the frozen surface of the Lake of St. Moritz

On right—*THE ENCHANTED FOREST: The larch woods in St. Moritz take on an exquisite eeriness in winter*

"THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC."

Striking Scenes from the French Film Classic

This notable film was directed by M. Carl Th. Dreyer for the Société Générale des Films. The title-rôle is played by Mlle Marie Falconetti of the Comedie Française. It will be seen at the Plaza next month

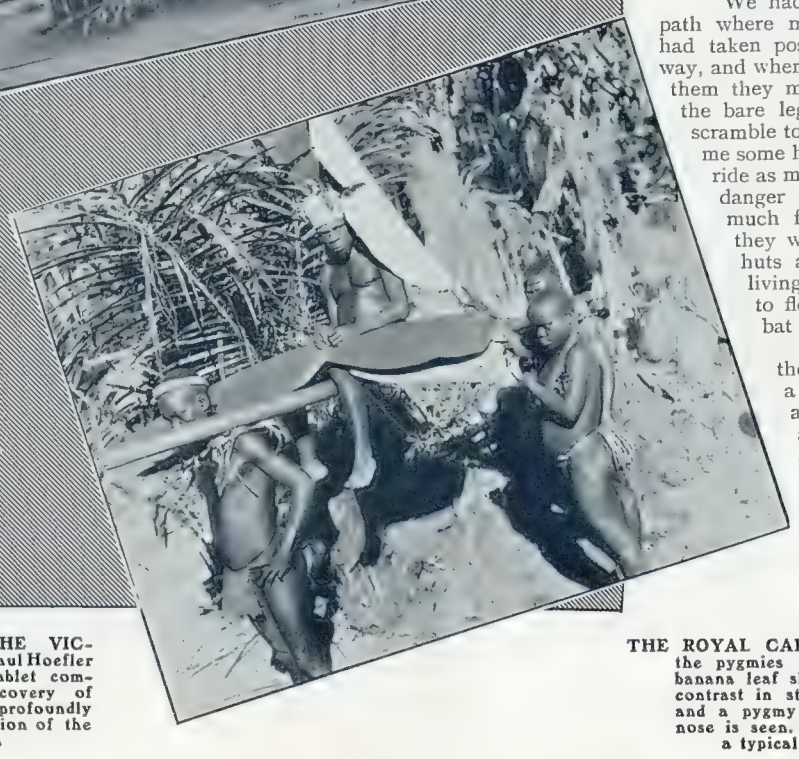
THE CONVICT SAINT: Joan of Arc endures the indignity of having her tresses shorn. Mlle Falconetti had her own hair cut in the scene

THE COURT OF THE CHURCH: The tribunal by which Joan was condemned at the instigation of Warwick and the Bishop of Beauvais

INSPIRED BY HER "VOICES": St. Joan, filled with the divine afflatus before leading the lilies forward into battle

THE VIRGIN MARTYR: Joan, the iron crucifix on her breast, marches to the stake in Rouen Square

"THOSE WHO CAME TO SCOFF . . ." The peasants of Rouen, thinking to attend the execution of a criminal, witness the martyrisation of a saint



THE SOURCE OF THE VICTORIA NILE: (1) Mr. Paul Hoefler is seen beside the tablet commemorating the discovery of Speke. Below (2) the profoundly dolichocephalic formation of the pygmies is shown

THE ROYAL CARRIAGE: (5) A sub-chief of the pygmies borne on a litter while a banana leaf shelters him. Above, (4) the contrast in stature between a white man and a pygmy with a stick through his nose is seen. Inset on the far left (3) is a typical warrior with his gun

IN PYGMY LAND

A record of li tiny folk of th Forest of th

GOMBARI, BELGIAN CONGO.

Slowly treading their way to the tune of a doleful chant, the long line of Momvu porters penetrated farther and farther into the dark depths of the great Ituri Forest.

My provost, kindly lent by the Belgian Administrator as interpreter and guide, had led us over a ford of the Bomokandi River, and now was heading the procession, while half-way down the line I, as sole passenger in a Kipoi chair, swung between the shoulders of four black giants who repeatedly shouted to those ahead to hurry onward, saying, "Move faster brothers, for has not the white master said that he wishes to reach the Efe clearing before the day turns dark?"

Early that morning the local Momvu chief had supplied us with porters to carry ourselves and equipment into the forest, and now the long safari was under way over the lonely paths that wind for hundreds of miles through mysterious depths of tangled creepers and trees that forever hide the sun.

Often the path was very narrow, while sometimes an overhead archway of palms and ferns was formed. At such places these big Momvu men had to crouch until the tunnel was passed, for although the path was well worn, it had been worn by little feet belonging to a sprightly dwarf, to whose passing the vegetable tunnel offered no problem.

These cool by-ways are always wet, the leaves dripping moisture on to a damp ground, a ground that has been damp for ages. Creepers and moss cover the trees, while through the decaying matter that carpets the forest floor, ferns and flowers, toadstools and other fungoid growths twist and turn, ever struggling upwards.

Many varieties of butterflies, big and little, and of all colours and designs, flew and fluttered in and about the paths, while peeks into deep recesses that a stray sun-ray lit up would disclose many more, and also flowers and shrubs that were strange and handsome.

A journey into a forest such as this is a thing good for the soul, for here in God's great cathedral of trees, with bright shafts of sun flooding the glades and paths here and there, one is made to feel how little his individual existence counts in the great plan of the universe.

Just before we reached the clearing a great commotion took place at the head of the line. We had come to a place in the path where millions of small red ants had taken possession of the right-of-way, and when the porters walked into them they made a savage attack on the bare legs of the men. A mad scramble to get away from them gave me some hearty laughs, then a wild ride as my bearers raced over the danger zone. These ants are much feared by the natives, for they will often come into the huts at night and drive every living thing out. It is better to flee than to try and combat their countless hordes.

At dusk we came to the clearing in the forest, a circular space about an acre in extent with a huge ant-hill some 30 ft. high standing in the middle. A-top this ant-hill was a large hut of the bungalow type, and here I made headquarters, while the main camp was settled in a group of huts on the edge of the clearing.

From this perch I surveyed the scene below. All around the fringe of the clearing were food-bearing trees—bananas, pau-pau, mango, while many patches of pine-apples grew beneath. A few small fires were blinking and winking now that darkness was falling, and the early night-birds mingled their odd cries with the chatter of some near-by monkeys.

Beyond the boundaries of the little clearing, and surrounding it like an ominous wall, stood the silent jungle, within whose mysterious depths strange people and strange animals lived and died, never knowing in all their lives anything but this world of trees. Overhead the clear sky was filled with stars, and just there, suspended over the tallest tree, hung the Southern Cross.

Now up the hill came my guide, and trailing behind him were fifteen little men and women of the forest. They caught my fancy at once, for instead of the usual scowl of the negro hereabouts they had smiling faces and laughed in a way that was a treat to hear, while the tiny children, who looked at me with big wondering eyes, captivated me completely. They all stood around in a small circle and watched closely while I told the interpreter to explain our plans to them. After he had done so they all filed out with a nod to me and faded into the darkness towards the winking fires.

Soon from below was heard the first rumblings of the drums, to grow louder and still louder, until over the vast expanses of the forest it boomed and rolled, swelled to a mighty roar, and then fell to a deep whisper, telling in the pygmy code that white men had come into their country. Then all was silent and I heard in the far distance an answering sound, and then another, for such is the Efe telegraph, the calling of the drums.

Hardly had the sun come over the horizon than the little men began to dance near the large hut which the local Momvu use as a council house. We were using it as sleeping quarters, and the sound of the drums and tom-toms soon had us out of bed. This dance was participated in by all members of the family, from the oldest woman down to the smallest child. Even the wee babies were there on their mothers' backs, and it was a most amusing sight to watch their tiny heads bob up and down as the mothers pranced and swung to the rhythm of the music.

Before the noon-time a hundred or more had come in from the forest to join our camp. Their first act was to construct themselves a hut of banana leaves and palm branches. This task required almost half-an-hour's time. Men and women worked together, and while the men cut the leaves the women wove them into a beehive-shaped hut. Skins and other household furnishings were placed inside, a fire was started outside the entrance, and behold the new arrivals were at home to callers.

Next they went to have a look at the strange men with white skins, for some of them had never seen a white man before. Greetings were exchanged, and then our new friends would join the dance, or go in search of old acquaintances, for gatherings such as this are very rare.

I went to the hut atop the hill to do some work on the typewriter, and soon had a circle of them about me, a circle which stood there more than an hour without a single sound. To them the white man himself is strange enough, but his many things of magic are beyond comprehension; so, like children, they stood and gazed, wondering at the marvellous thing that made a clicking sound and strung odd-looking marks, one after another, over a blank white surface.

With Paul Hoefler Amongst the Great Ituri in Belgian Congo

The Ituri Forest pygmy is not a black man, nor has he much in common with the negroes of Bantu stock who live near him. He is called the *tiki tiki* by the very few white men who know him, but to the many thousands of natives who live around the forest edge he is known as "Efe." I wondered where this name originated until I heard their chants during the moon dances. During this wild dance they work themselves into a pitch of excitement by the weird chants that supplement the beating of the drums. Round and round they go, leaping, swaying, prancing, and all the time chanting a savage refrain through which runs the oft-repeated words, "Efe-efe, O ha, efe-efe, mu'm efe-efe!"

In colour the Efe is yellowish-brown. Both men and women are well formed, the women being quite comely and the men muscular. Their features have a slight Oriental cast, and in some members of the tribe it was very pronounced. One man was almost the double of a Japanese I once knew in Los Angeles. In height they are shorter than the Bushmen of the Kalahari Desert, but in many other respects they are similar.

There seems to be a thread that weaves in and about through Africa, over the deserts, through the veld, and into the forests, a thread of Bushman strain. At least I have found the Bushman type, the Bushman characteristics, in many parts of Africa through which I have travelled. Can it be that these forest dwellers are an offshoot of Bushman stock? They have the same facial contour, the same colour of skin, the same kind of hair, and many habits and customs in common. It is possible that they were members of a Bushman clan who became separated from the main body of the tribes, who through the influence of wars and the invasion of their country by more powerful tribes were driven toward the great forest of the Congo, and in its recesses found safety.

However this may be, it is a fact that they are here in fair numbers, their district chief telling me by means of sticks laid on the ground that in all the forest lived about 10,000 of the Efe tribesmen. They live in small clans of from twenty-five to fifty souls, over which a sub-chief rules. These sub-chiefs are under an over-chief in the district, but whether or not they were all ruled by one paramount chief I was unable to find out.

They are a happy people and continue to multiply, for food is plentiful, whereas the Bushman seldom laughs, seeming to know that his clansmen are doomed to an early extinction, for in his country food is scarce. He has been driven into a district in which neither he nor anyone else could long survive.

There is a legend here among the Bantu people that long before they entered the basin of the Congo there existed here a race of dwarfs who were light-brown in colour, had crispy hair, and were known as the Batwa. Native tradition also says that these pygmies once lived near the present Lake Tanganyika, where we find to-day traces of an ancient Batwa kingdom that antedates the arrival of the Bantu. The Batwa at that time had a tribal organisation which resembled that in existence during the same time among the ancient Bushmen of South Africa. Some of these pygmy chiefs, like Asanga, can point to genealogies that run back two and three centuries. These dwarfs also resemble those of New Guinea, and it would be interesting to trace out any possible connection in that direction.

Like the Bushman, they are omnivorous. The forest abounds in wild fruits and roots, while the animal life is fairly abundant. Being keen trackers and accomplished hunters, it is no great feat for them to keep the meat-pot boiling. Not being fastidious about their food has its advantages also, for snakes, lizards, beetles, grubs, and in fact all suchlike are considered both tasty and nourishing.

In the killing of an elephant they show both courage and cunning, for this huge beast cannot easily be done to death by their puny weapons. They stalk him through the forest paths until he stops to sleep, and as he dozes in some sunlit glade, creep within arm's-length of his hindquarters, then sever the leg cords, thus making him helpless to run. A messenger is sent to the nearest village, the drums send out the glad tidings, and soon the hapless mammoth is surrounded by spearmen who do him to death by heaving their spears and then deftly recovering them from the elephant and using them again and again.

When the elephant is dead the whole clan gathers and scenes of wildest orgy take place. Holes are cut into his stomach, and men crawl inside to get at the tit-bits such as the liver, heart, and kidneys. What a sight such a drama presents! Dwarfs of men, howling and yelling, driving pygmy spears into the giant of the animal kingdom until he crashes to earth among the dank ferns. Then the dance of triumph, the feast of meat, the wild orgies of savage men. Not unlike the early history of our own race are the present-day lives of these pygmies.

The spears are small but well made, tipped with iron points and often decorated with ivory. Their bows measure 28 in. of bowstring, the bow being made from a flexible wood, and the string from a creeper. Arrow shafts are shaped from the centre stem of the palm leaf, and the iron points from metal that they mine from the earth and smelt and pound into shape themselves. To make poison they seek the akage tree, cut chunks from it, which is then pounded into a pulp and the juice squeezed into a pot. The arrow-points are placed in this sap and all are boiled together. It is a most deadly poison, and kills even the hardy buffalo within two hours' time.

As I write this atop my ant-hill in the clearing it is raining like the flood, while lightning and thunder are doing their utmost to uphold the reputation earned by them in the tropics. Down below the pygmies are scurrying about like busy ants putting extra banana leaves on their hut roofs.

I have just finished measuring some of the men and women, finding that the women average $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. shorter than the men. The tallest man measured 57 in. and the shortest 50 in. The average for the twelve of each sex measured being for the men 4 ft. 7 in., and for the women 4 ft. $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. The tallest woman was 56 in. in height and the shortest 50 in. Truly a small race.

The Momvu are a race of pure Bantu stock who, being men of unusually large stature and living among dwarfs, have assumed a sort of overlordship towards the Efe. But nobody, not even the Belgian Government, levy tribute from this little folk, and the Momvu claim to rule over them amounts to a claim only, the Efe demonstrated to us more than once.

(Continued on p. 154)

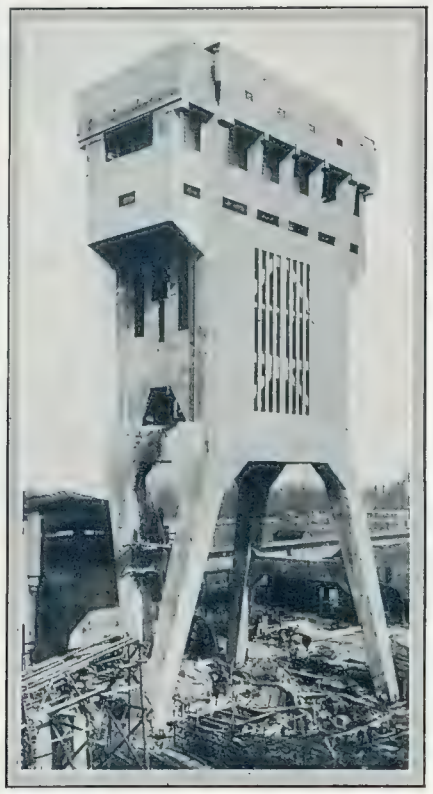
A QUIET SMOKE: (5) A pygmy chief indulging in a tribal pipe built on the order of a hookah. Above (3) a couple of the boys are seen in a friendly wrestling bout—a favourite pastime. On the extreme right (4) is a couple of the means of communication—drumming

THE GIANT POISONER OF THE PYGMIES: (1) The solitary Antæus is seen compounding his venom in the top picture, while below (2) a primitive but none the less effective "beauty-parlour" treatmeat is in progress

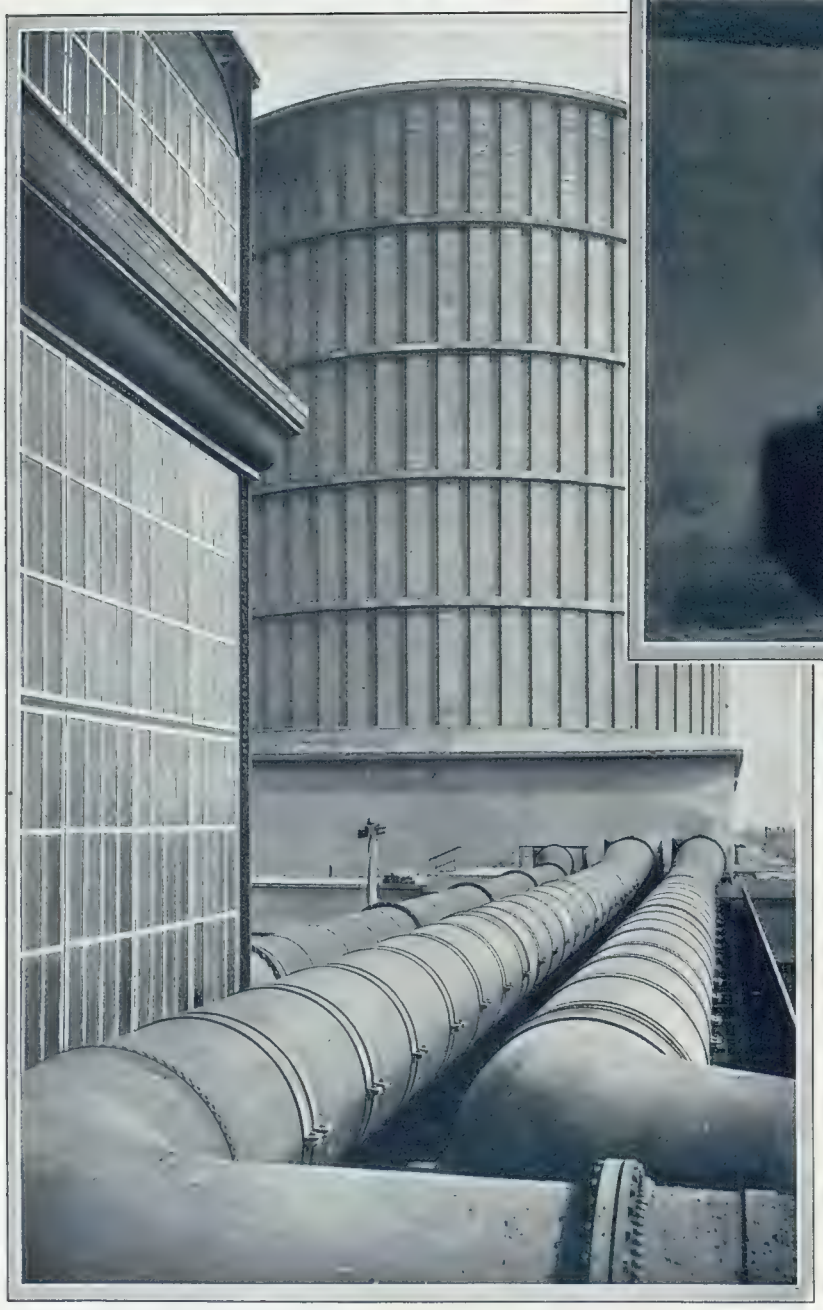
MODERN ARCHITECTURE

Examples of the Newest Ecclesiastical and Industrial Architecture — Interior and Exterior — from Modern Germany

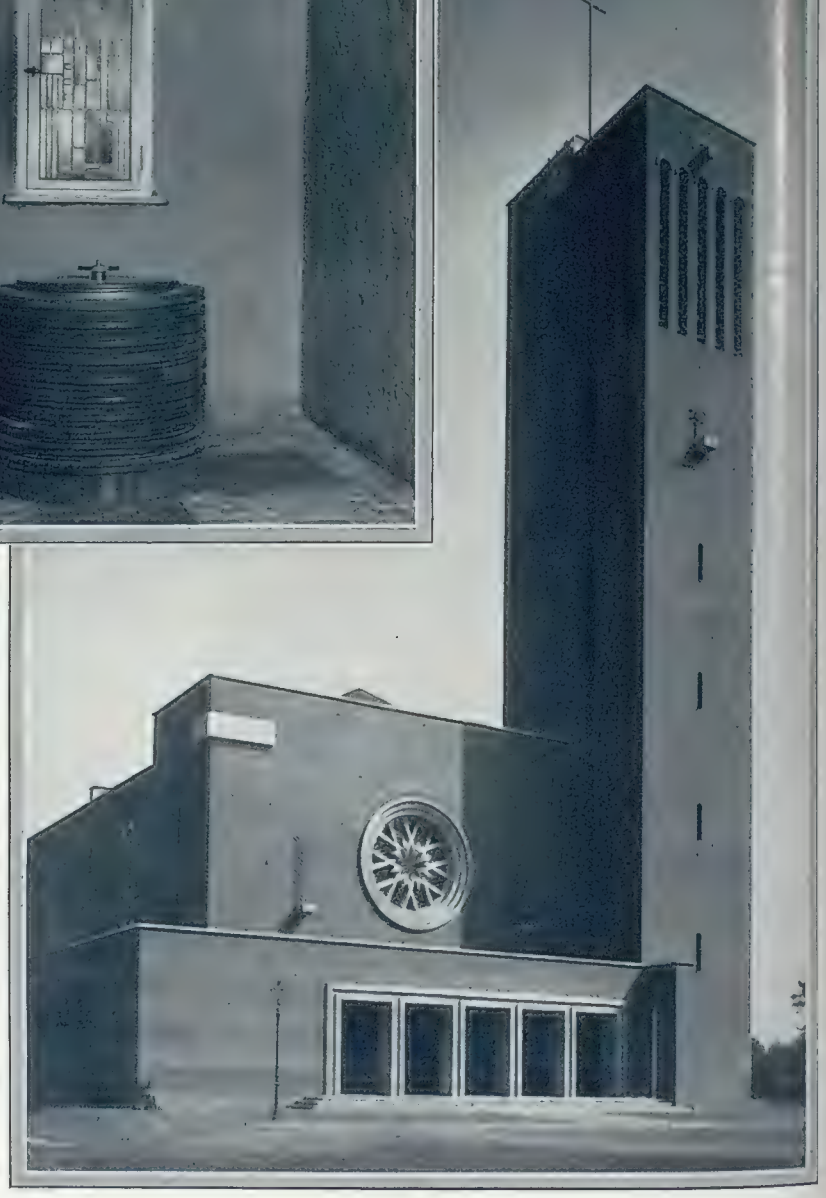
MODERNITY RAMPANT: The altar with its mosaic background in the new Herz Jesu (Heart of Jesus) Church in Ratingen, near Dusseldorf. This mosaic is symptomatic of much modern Continental art and will scarcely commend itself to the admirers of the St. Mark's mosaics



A PITHEAD TOWER IN CONCRETE: This is 55 metres high and has been put up at Heerlen



IN THE LARGEST POWER PLANT IN GERMANY: A partial view of the engine hall and the refrigerating tower with the giant pressure-pipes of the power-plant at Golpa-Zsehornewitz, which supplies electricity to Berlin. *Inset above on right* is the font of the Ratingen Church, the altar of which is seen above on the left



ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE, 1930: The new Catholic church at Dusseldorf-Morsenbruch, designed by two architects of Dusseldorf. *Inset above on right* is the new Catholic church Zum Heiligen Kreuz (of the Holy Cross) on the Nussburg in Frankfurt-am-Main. Nothing more Modernist could be imagined

WILL THEY FIND? The field waits outside a covert on the Sussex Downs when the Southdown met at Ditchling

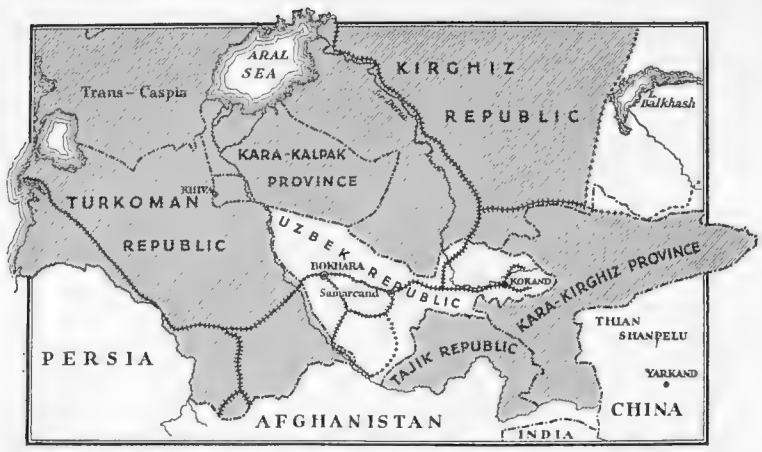
MOVING OFF: The Surrey and Horsell Beagles at Chessington. Beagling is extremely popular these modern days

On left: YOUTHFUL ENTHUSIASTS: Master Richard and Miss Vere Chaplin watch the Cottesmore at Burrough-on-the-Hill

A'HUNTING THEY WOULD GO

A TITLED FOLLOWER: Lady Mary Pratt, the daughter of the Countess of Brecknock, out with the Cottesmore

On left: A SECOND SILVER WEDDING: That great sportsman Lord Barrington's second Silver Wedding was celebrated by a meet of the Old Berkshire at Beckett, the venerable peer's seat at Shrivenham



THE FRONTIERS OF SOVIET RUSSIA: Before the War the States to the north of Afghanistan were independent and owned a certain British suzerainty. To-day they are "self-governing republics" — which is tantamount to saying they are in thrall to the Soviet Regime of Moscow

RUSSIA *still watches* INDIA

By "MAUSER"

The same steady pressure, characteristic of the Tsarist regime, upon the North-Western Frontier, still persists. How this pressure eastward and southward has spread through the centuries is told here by a close student of Indian history

A recent writer—widely if not wisely read—has told us that because the traditional Russian menace to our Indian frontier is no longer apparent it no longer exists.

He is very wide of the mark.

The menace has changed hands; it has changed methods; the lip-service that our enemies pay to the antagonists of "Imperialism" has, most lamentably, driven it underground. But like the *cloaca maxima*, its lineal ancestor, it persists, and is in excellent working order.

For its persistence and inevitability we must, being as brief as possible, dig into history.

It is only a little over 200 years ago that the eastern frontiers of Europe coincided with the western limits of Muscovy. All beyond was, by common civilised acceptance, outer darkness and Asiatic. The jumble of Mongoloid Slav principalities which in those days formed Russia had no border but that which a thoroughly mistrustful Europe drew for it on the confines of accepted Christendom.

Northwards, southwards, eastwards, Russia was essentially fluid, and merged into Asia by imperceptible shadings of race, habits, and language.

Presently arose a prince of the central Muscovy State who, agglomerating the chaos of smaller States, was seized with the ambition to have the whole recognised as a European entity—Peter the Great, the greatest artist in imposing on the credulity of mankind whom the world has ever known. Towards the end of a lifetime spent in what in any other cause would have been an admirable effort, he succeeded in his aim; and, as a corollary, drew for himself an arbitrary eastward frontier which defined Russia as European and all beyond it Asiatic.

The sequel was inevitable. The sheer energy which had made the new kingdom was a still unspent force seeking an outlet, and which presently sought to bring under its control the Mongol tribes on its border. These, with vivid recollections of their invincible power under Genghiz Khan and Timur the Lame, resisted stoutly, though to no purpose. Nomad tribes, based on no territory except the traditional loose limits which defined their grazing-grounds from those of their cousins farther afield, they retreated before the oncoming Russians, who found themselves with a first-class problem on their hands. They discovered that wandering clans which cannot be overtaken, punished, or kept in hand, are the worst possible neighbours; had the tribes been agricultural or commercial populations, wedded to the soil, some definite conclusion might have been come to, and a land limit fixed to what in the end became a limitless expansion of empire. The end, indeed, was not until further expansion ceased at the fixed borders of three great things: the north Pacific; the borders of the Chinese Empire; and the wall of cliff and eternal snow which formed the all but impassable boundaries of India.

Russia cried halt and drew a deep breath. She looked around her and found that after two hundred years of making war on her cousins and neighbours, she was undisputed mistress of a vast Asiatic empire which stretched from the Caspian to the Sea of Okhotsk.

Now it is difficult to explain what follows to anyone not versed in Oriental psychology—in which, indeed, the Russian psychology is pre-eminent. But the successful possession of India — the home of uncountable hoarded wealth and the goal of every powerful invader from the days of Alexander down to the Moghuls who still reigned there within Victorian times—was, and always will be, the hall-mark of the Power that would claim hegemony in Asia. China, in a lesser degree, but India pre-eminently so. Its possession was as much the outward mark of the Asiatic top-dog as were the immense, and quite useless, bronze cannon on all but immovable wheeled mountings which were cast for and invariably stood outside the palaces of each conqueror in turn, from Genghiz Khan to Nadir Shah. The outward and visible signs of power. "Face," as they call it in China. Morally and materially, the Tsars knew that no conquest of Asia could be complete which excluded India from its limits.

And might they have India? Not they. For here they found a strange nation with whom they had not before come into contact, from an island in the distant seas; with no historical sanction to Asiatic power, based on the dim forgotten ages of the Mongol conquerors, they who had populated Russia and had transmitted to her the inherited right to the hegemony of Asia. A nation whom all had taught them to consider no better than traders and merchants. What right had *they* in Asia?

We English had watched the inexorable advance of Russia to our very doors; and knowing nothing of the fluid nomads whose steady retreat had made the Russian advance inevitable, read into the wave which lapped ever closer and closer a deep-set malice-aforethought against India. So we drew our boundaries firmly and clearly along the line of the northern snows. We consolidated our hold on the land. We raised, trained, and perfected a large army from the best elements of the people. We sent the cream of our hereditary ruling classes to govern the land and to lead its army. We surrounded our frontiers with a succession of small and friendly buffer States to be our outposts. We stood entrenched behind the fortifications of the Himalaya with all Asia for its glacis. Russia might surge up to our walls; we stood firm. It was the old puzzle of the irresistible force meeting the immovable obstacle, and the solution is not yet. Nor, within foreseeable reason, will there ever be a solution.

The Soviets inherited the traditions of the Tsars. Momentarily, they tried to eat China, while perfecting their designs on India. They failed; but China, disrupted and chaotic, will—in every human probability—fall to them on a day well within our lifetime. For the moment their "face" in Asia is dimmed. But they are persistent. Their efforts to re-establish themselves in the eyes of the East have borne successful fruit in their recent negotiations to obtain diplomatic recognition from the English. It is already noised abroad that we have finally and voluntarily acknowledged the Soviets. Be sure that the necessary embroideries have been added, and that the story has lost nothing in the telling, in every bazaar and caravanserai throughout Asia.

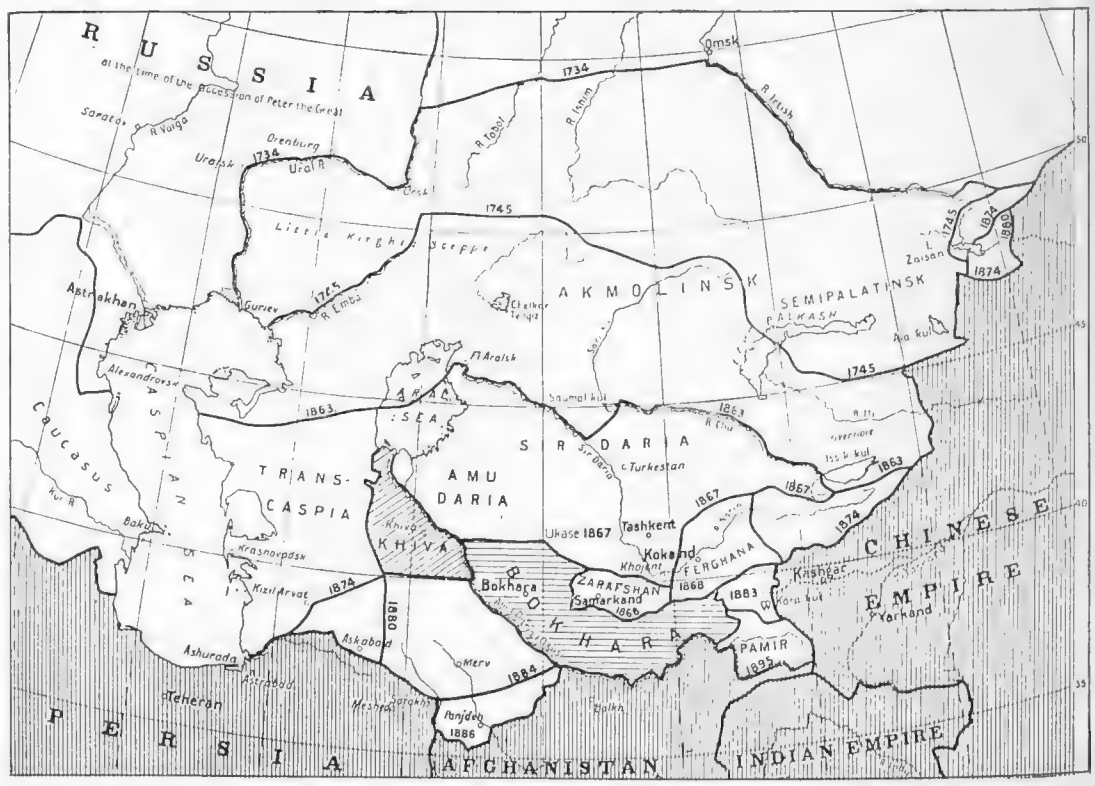
With greater cunning than their forerunners, the Soviets have learnt the one outstanding lesson of the Great War—that the resistance of a nation depends less on its armed forces than on the moral fibre of its individuals. They seek to undermine our *morale* and that of our friends in the East. Among all the iniquities invented in the Great War, from high explosives down to poison gas and the killing of non-combatants, no villainy has emerged greater than propaganda. Based on lies and perversions it aims at the very soul of its victims.

In the name of liberty and the championship of oppressed peoples, the Soviets have turned the States which adjoin Afghanistan into self-governing republics, of a sort; as, indeed, were it not for our wholesome influence, they would do to-morrow in Afghanistan itself.

Thin, but incessant, streams of emissaries, trained in the latest methods by clever masters emerge from the so-called "republics" of Central Asia and go down into India. Single spies; not battalions. Slowly, with infinite patience, they do their work, and none may mark their path.

Already, and in an evil moment, we have coined the phrase "The Lost Dominion." That, if nothing else, shows the pass to which insistent and base suggestion has brought us. The suggestion of failure—the shadow of defeat itself.

And we are told that there is no longer a Russian menace!



From "The Heart of Asia" by Messrs. Skrine and Ross, by courtesy of Messrs. Methuen

THE ADVANCES OF RUSSIA

The successive lines show the successive advances made by Muscovy since the early seventeenth century. The uppermost line shows the frontier at the accession of Peter the Great

MUSICAL HONOURS: The great 15-ft. trumpets which, with shorter pipes, gongs, and drums, are believed to affright the devil

HOLY MEN OF THE EAST: The procession of lamas bearing cymbals at the Devil Dance

THE TRIBUNAL: The abbot with his lamas and their trumpets direct the ritual dance

The Devil calls the Tune.

This ancient Chinese ritual dance, now vetoed by the Nationalists, was privately staged and recorded by the camera. It is doubtful if the Devil Dance will ever be done again in China

A DEVIL DANCER OF CHINA: One of the fantastic dresses, in which an animal's head and trident figure prominently, worn during the Devil Dance

The Devil Dance has always in former years been held in the Lama Temple in Peking (although it originates from Tibet). It used formerly to be given in February or early March and represents the awakening of the forces of nature. A small doll, representing the devil, is hidden in some part of the temple grounds and the priests and dancers search for it and bring it in triumphal procession before the abbot or high officiating lama. The masked dancers with whips drive away the minor evil spirits who might aid the captured devil. The music provided by the lamas with their fifteen-foot trumpets, pipes, and huge drums and gongs, is most impressive, as is the blaze of colour afforded by the red, yellow, and blue silken robes of the priests as they sway to and fro. This dance has now been forbidden by the Nationalist Government and will probably never be seen again in China.

INCANTATIONS OF THE BODY: The devil dancers, worked up to a high pitch of excitement, dance round the monastery gardens seeking the hidden demon

THE GLORIES OF ITALIAN ART AT

THE THIRD GALLERY OF BURLINGTON HOUSE FILLED WITH THE

The visible pictures, from left to right, are "The Lovers," by Paris Bordone, a "Virgin and Child" by Titian, Veronese's "Portrait of Count Giuseppe Porto," the Tiepolo XVIIIth Century treatment of the finding of Moses.

Dominant as interest in the Italian Exhibition at Burlington House has proved to be, it is in the great third gallery that the interest becomes predominant. The reason is simple. Not only does the size of the room give the fullest scope for viewing the pictures, but it also contains some of the greatest work of the greatest artists whose renown has echoed down the centuries, proclaiming the artistic glory of Italy. That fact determined the selection of the gallery for the composite picture which forms the subject of THE SPHERE'S special illustration, in which the room is represented as containing "a goodly company" of men and women. Prominent among "those present" will be readily recognised Signor Modigliani standing bareheaded before a canvas whose details he undoubtedly knows by heart; Sir Austen Chamberlain with Lady Chamberlain, to whose inspiration the Exhibition owes its origin; Major Longden, the gracious secretary; Lord Brentford, Lord Passfield and his wife—who still elects to be called Mrs. Sidney Webb; Dean Inge, and Sir David Murray R.A.

Standing in the gallery and surveying the oft-scrutinised walls for the how-many-th time and, remembering that nearly all these canvases were brought from their Italian homes "over the sea the thousand miles," Michael Cassio's felicitous words as Desdemona disembarked on the quay at Cyprus. intuitively flood the mind, "The riches of the ship is come on shore." And what riches! Artistically and historically beyond price, what would the canvases in this one room alone fetch could they be brought under the auctioneer's hammer, and the real connoisseurs among the world's millionaires be ranged to bid against each other! There are no fewer than eleven examples of the art of Titian. Conspicuous among his portraits is that large group lent by the National Gallery, which acquired it from the Duke of Northumberland's collection, "The Cornaro Family," as it used to be called, but now believed to be the portraits of Andrea Vendramin, his brother Gabriele, and Andrea's seven sons. Then come seven

"THE TEMPEST": The glorious Giorgione which hangs on the north wall of the third gallery by the Master and the idol of Castelfranco. Lent by Prince Giovanelli

FLANKED BY TWO MAGNIFICENT TITIANS, GALLERY SHOWS A GLIMPSE OF THE STATU

reproduced above, was for many years known as "The Cornaro Family," but la Family. It is lent by the National Gallery. The canvas on the right is the "Diana pictures in the Exhibition. The Diana is, for the chaste goddess of the hunte not only forgives but forgets, under the spell of his colour,

THE R.A.: A First Pictorial Record of Gallery III.

GREATEST WORK OF MANY OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS:
On the far wall is the Mantegna "Christ" and the Botticelli "Birth of Venus." Among those present may be discerned Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain, Lord Passfield, Commendatore Modigliani, and Major Longden

THE GREAT DOMED DOOR OF THE THIRD IARY OCTAGON: The picture on the left, a fragment of which is later research has established the fact that it is in reality a picture of the Vendramin na and Actæon"—one of the most æsthetically satisfying but conceptionally irritating er's moon, far too voluptuous, yet such is the magic of the great Venetian that one the falsity of his treatment. It is lent by the Earl of Harewood

canvases each by Raphael, Andrea Mantegna, and Botticelli, including the "Birth of Venus," which is popularly perhaps the star attraction of the Exhibition.

It is inevitable that the attendant figure waiting on the right with the cloak for the goddess should suggest the more famous figure of Spring in the picture of that title. This, however, in the arrangement of the folds of the drapery below the waist suggests a woman of far heavier build, and therefore lacks that slenderness of shape and grace of pose which combine to make the Spring, in the opinion of many connoisseurs, perhaps the most graceful figure in Art. It is worth noting in passing that the descriptions in the catalogue are not always characterised by such scrupulous accuracy as might be desired. One of Botticelli's works, "The Calumny of Apelles," furnishes an example of this, for the figure of "Envy, a man in a ragged black robe," is really dressed in brown.

Add to these Masters four pictures each by Correggio, and Giorgione—Correggio, whose particular quality of sensuous colouring combined with wonderful drawing Carlyle designated "The Corregiosity of Correggio," and Giorgione who, dying at the early age of thirty-two, has left few authenticated pictures, but his influence remains, impressed as it was on Titian and Pecchio. Among his few canvases stand out the famous portrait believed to be of Antonio Broccardo, "The Tempest," and "The Trial of Moses," the lighting of which is far more brilliant than that in the, if possible, more highly esteemed work. Nor must mention be omitted of the "Portrait of Giovanna Tornabuoni," which hangs on the large screen. This beautiful young woman, a member of the Abrizzi family, married into the family of Tornabuoni, who were the painter's patrons. Other portraits of her exist, notably in the National Gallery and the Pierpont Morgan Collection, which, rich as they are, pale before the significance of this one marvellous gallery whose epitaph Shakespeare undoubtedly wrote in the words—"We shall not look upon its like again."

FROM THE GALLERIA PITTI:
"Maddelena Doni," one of the Raphael portraits in Gallery III. There is a look of a sulky "Mona Lisa" about this canvas

The CITIES that bore the MASTERS of ITALY

A Special Chart Enabling "Sphere" Readers to Place at a Glance many of the "High Lights" of the Italian Exhibition at Burlington House

FROM THE ADRIATIC QUEEN: Titian, mighty master of the magic red

OF BOLOGNA: Correggio, whose self portrait is a feature of Burlington House

THE GLORY THAT WAS FLORENCE: Fra Angelico, whose devotional works are incredibly delicate

THE CITIES OF ITALY WHOSE BANNERS ARE EMBLAZONED WITH THE NAMES OF THEIR MOST LASTING GLORIES, THE ARTISTS TO WHOM THEY GAVE BIRTH:
A chart to the "schools" of painting, and the artists who are to-day reaping their harvest of deserved praise

THE GREATEST OF THE MILANESE: Leonardo da Vinci

FROM SIENA: Sodoma, a later scion of the city of Duccio

THE CLIMAX OF RENAISSANCE: Michael Angelo

The enjoyment of a visit to the Exhibition now crowding Burlington House, already great from its purely æsthetic value, is unquestionably increased by a knowledge of the artists, their schools and their cities. To give its readers time to derive the fullest experience possible from the magnificent Exhibition, "The Sphere" has already presented a chronological tabulation of the major figures represented therein. This chart has been designed as an additional guide to the Old Masters. While their dates are not given, one may easily note the progress made by any given school by comparing (say) the thirteenth-century works of Duccio with the sixteenth-century canvases of Sodoma

FROM PERUGIA: Pintoricchio, whose city gave birth to three Old Masters

The ITALIAN MASTERS as SERVANTS

by HORACE SHIPP

OF THE HOUSE OF SFORZA: The Duchess of Montefeltro by Piero della Francesca

THE FAMILIAR LEFT PROFILE: The Duke of Montefeltro had his right eye put out

For us to-day Italian Art is a question of pure æsthetics. We see it as so many masterpieces of lovely colour and exquisite line, harmonies of tone and expressive draughtsmanship. In our progress through the galleries of Burlington House we also become aware that through the centuries which these pictures cover there is a development of thought revealed by the successive generations of Masters as they move from the unalloyed devotional works of the thirteenth to the sensational realism of the seventeenth century; and we may make a pious resolve to acquaint ourselves with this intellectual and social aspect of them.

There is, however, one fascinating viewpoint of this art which gives us a curious insight into the life behind it; and that is to think of the artists as the craftsmen and workmen which they themselves claimed to be, finding and serving a client or clientèle, supplying a fashionable demand of their day. Sometimes they did it as work of devotion from within their monastery walls; sometimes as the managing directors of successful studios supplying a kind of multiple article which was the vogue; sometimes as the definite servants attached to the houses of wealthy patrons or princely courts. However or wherever they operated we learn a deal about the vivid Society of their period as we glance at their relationships with their ecclesiastical or aristocratic patrons.

There is something a little shocking to your pure æsthete in thinking of this barter in beauty, but I doubt whether the artists would share the view. Much of our history and many of our happiest clues to Italian Art come from the records of contracts and lawsuits, little quarrels over prices and values, committees of other artists deciding between their fellow and his patron. This monetary one is but one aspect. Another, and more pleasant one, is the friendships between the artists and their patrons, and the glimpses we get into the great families of the Italian Renaissance when we look for the personalities who governed the purse-strings.

What, for example, do we know of that Duke Frederick of Montefeltro whose portrait by Piero della Francesca is one of the thrills of the Exhibition? It is superficially interesting that he turns to the portraitist his left profile, because the blow in a tournament which gave him that broken nose also lost him his right eye. It is more fundamentally interesting that, when almost every other of the Courts of fifteenth-century Italy were hot-beds of intrigue, of plot and counterplot, he could go about among his people unarmed and unprotected because of the justice and enlightenment of his rule. We may look with a new interest on him when we know that he organised a model court and that men called him "The Light of Italy" for his nobility and scholarship; and we may go to the Barbarini Palace in Rome to make his acquaintance anew in the picture which Joos van Gent made of him reading a large book, but still enough aware of that lost eye to present the familiar profile.

His wife was one of that Sforza family whom we think of chiefly in connection with Milan in the time of Leonardo da Vinci. Their family history is an epitome of the Renaissance. We meet them linked up with Florence when Lorenzo the Magnificent took his Roman bride on a triumphal tour, and when they returned the visit even reckless Florence was shocked by the luxury and licence of the festivities, and declared that it was Divine wrath which caught fire to the church of S. Spirito during a play in their honour.

We meet them in the amazing glory of that Court which Lodovico, Leonardo's master, kept with Beatrice d'Este. Poor Beatrice, who was married when she was a girl of fourteen and played the great lady so marvellously until she died at the age of but twenty-one! She was so proud and young. Her letters to her sister, Isabella d'Este, are a marvellous admixture of almost childish prattle and statecraft, of inquiries about fine clothes and concern about her husband's infidelities. Through them we hear again and again of what Messer Leonardo had done or failed to do. Beatrice did not take well to her Court painter, and there is no record of his having painted her portrait. For years we ascribed a portrait to him but it is now given to some disciple, Da Predis or some other. Solemn Leonardo was too serious for this girl who died for joy's sake, dancing too nearly to her time of the birth of Lodovico's child.

Her sister was that Duchess of Mantua who had married Gianfrancesco Gonzago, and ruled over what was probably the most cultured Court of all Italy. The lady must have been a very terror to the artists, for she had a habit of stating exactly what she wanted put into a picture; and, since her mind was stocked with all the strange learning of that time, her demands were formidable. Mantegna was one of Isabella's victims, his Louvre picture of Parnassus being dictated by this fifteenth-century bluestocking as a decoration for her study. All the artists of Ferrara, Bologna, and the cities of the north were pressed into the service of these Gonzagas. Isabella made her demands of Perugino, and her correspondence with him makes amusing reading; but again Leonardo was too great to command, and withstood strange manœuvres to get a portrait or "a small picture of the Madonna, pious and sweet as is his style." Leonardo disappointed the great Duchess, as he had often disappointed her powerful brother-in-law, and of all the portraits we have of the various members of the Este family there is none by the painter of the Mona Lisa. At Burlington House to-day we have Pisanello's pictures of Leonello, and, probably, Ginevra.

One beauty of the time who has come down to us in many pictures is that lovely Giovanni Albizzi who married Lorenzo Tornabuoni. We know her best, maybe, by the familiar profile head—a treasure of the Pierpont Morgan Collection loaned to this Exhibition—but we see her in Ghirlandajo's frescoes on the walls of S. Maria Novella in Florence, and in Botticelli's pictures in the Louvre. She was renowned, as was her husband, for beauty and brilliance. Both died young at the height of splendid living, with something of the symbolism of the Florentine society which they led.

Her family was one of the oldest in Florence. Before the Medici came into power the Albizzi and the Strozzi families had been virtually rulers of the city. With the coming of the Medici they declined in wealth and power, but regarded themselves as the aristocrats.

So behind this brilliant Italian Art we get our peeps at this varied and vivid life of Renaissance Italy. The story of the patronage of the Medici alone covers almost all Florentine painting. The story of the patronage of the Popes at Rome, with its strange vistas into the passionate lives of the Borgias, opens up new worlds wherein ecclesiastical intrigue takes the place of the struggle for feudal power. The story of the patronage of the Baglioni takes us to Umbria, into the presence of that fierce family whose bloodthirsty ways earned them the reputation for being cursed by violent death.

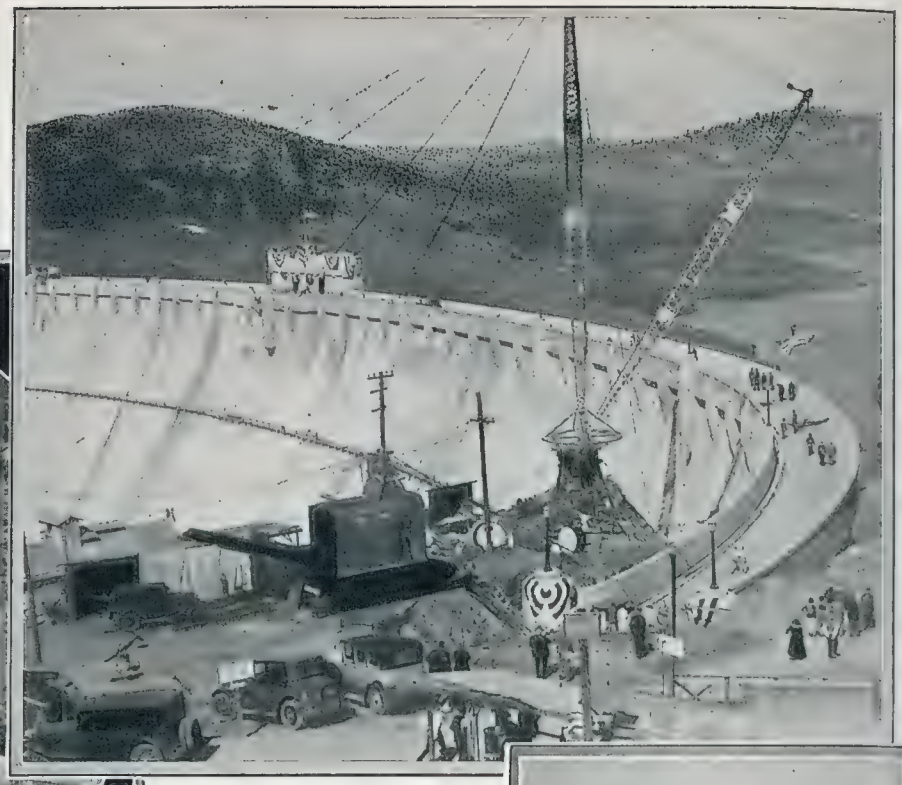
So in Florence and Rome, Lombardy and Umbria, Venice and the cities of the north, throughout these centuries of the world's greatest art there is a parallel story of passionate living.

THE GREAT DUCHESS OF MANTUA: A Renaissance blue-stocking who quarrelled with many artists, including Leonardo

THE DONOR: This, the face of one of the figures in Piero della Francesca's "Flagellation," is that of his client

DAMS the World Over

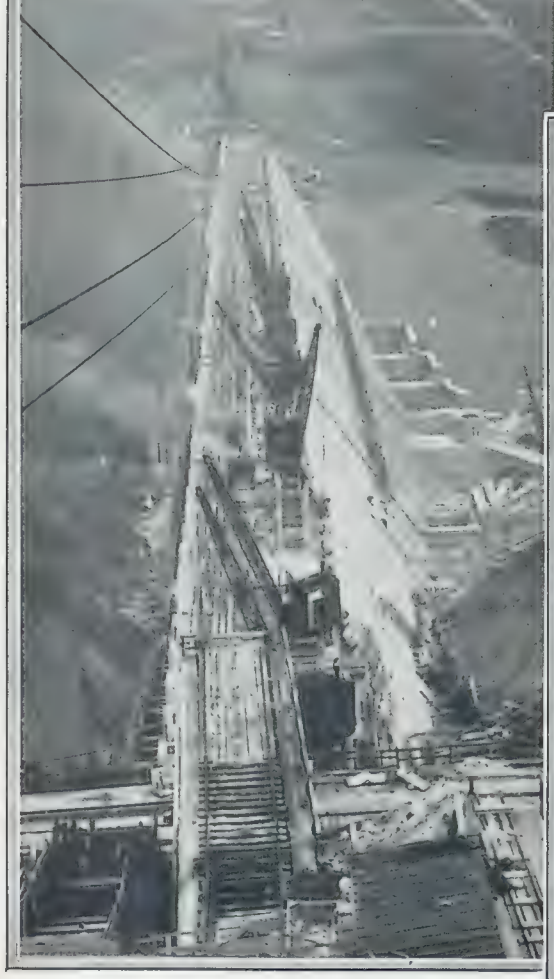
Four Notable Pieces of Engineering Illustrated — the Bradford Dam, the huge Wall at Athens, the Reservoir in the Mourn Hills, and the Dam in the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California



IN THE U.S.A.: The Pardee dam, which will serve 450,000 people

WHERE "THE MOUNTAINS LOOK ON MARATHON": The gigantic marble dam, built by an American company, which will ensure an adequate water supply to Athens and its environs

THE WORLD'S HIGHEST DAM: A view of the dam wall built for the Bradford Corporation at Scarr, near Pateley Bridge, Yorks. The Pardee dam above is in California

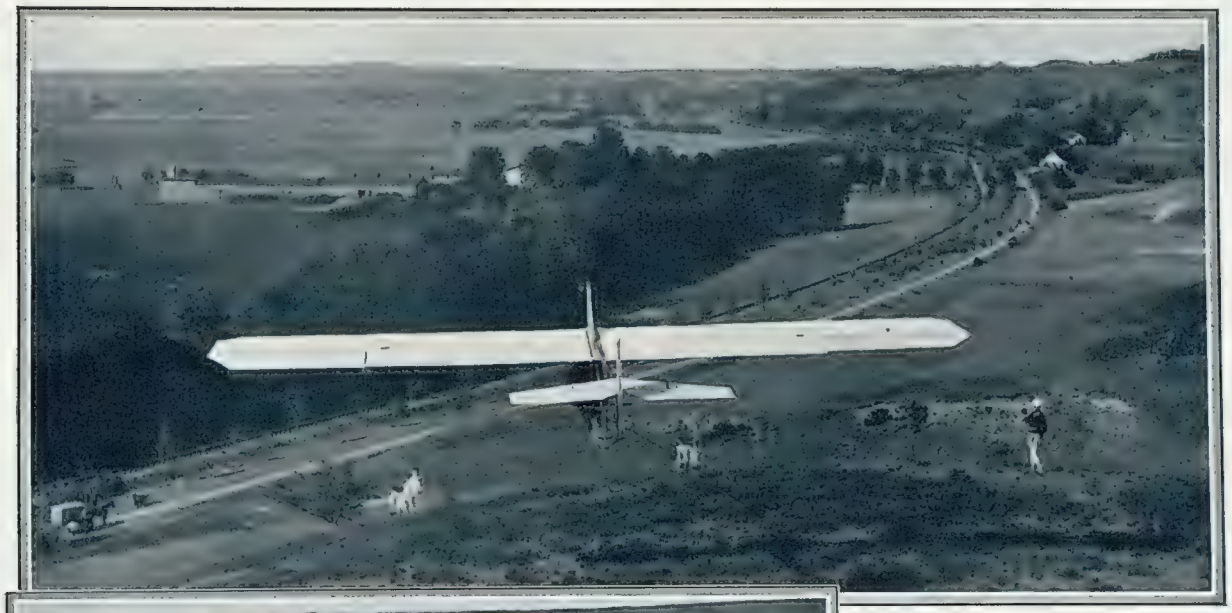


IN THE VALLEY OF THE NIDD: The great dam built above Harrogate for the Bradford Corporation under construction. Nearly 1,000 men are employed, while the cost will approximate, it is estimated, £2,000,000. A colony of workmen has been established, with a doctor, a hospital, a church, and a parson of its own. Note the network erected in the event of accidents on the side of the dam. The size of the structure can be conjectured by the pygmy figures of the workmen

THE LARGEST DAM IN THE WORLD—IN ENGLAND! Claimed to be the biggest in the world, the Nidd Valley Dam in Yorkshire is now approaching completion. The work begun in 1921 has been carried on continuously since and will, it is expected, be completed two years ahead of schedule. The dam is part of the huge water scheme for the Bradford Corporation and will assure Bradford of an unrivalled water supply. The Nidd River is the main feeder of the reservoir behind the dam which is also supplied by innumerable mountain streams. The following specifications are of interest: Cost, approximately, £2,000,000. Length of dam, 600 yards. Width of dam at bottom, 140 ft. Width of dam at top, 11 ft. Reservoir will hold 2,200 million gallons. *Inset above on right*—is the spear-head cradle of the Silent Valley Reservoir, which will hold water from the Mourne Hills, Ulster

FOURTEEN HOURS *in the* AIR *without an* ENGINE.

Germany's Triumph on the Wings of the Wind



THE TAKE OFF: A glider in the air after having taken off from the hillside. *Below in circle*—The pilot in the 'plane

THE TEST OF SPEED: A wind-gauge and a stop-watch are both employed in recording any given performance

THE MOMENT OF THE START: An unusual picture taken through the wing of the machine in the use of which Germany is so skilled

Limited by the terms of the Peace Treaty, Germany's aeronautical ambitions have expressed themselves in gliding both as sport and science. So proficient have the thousands of devotees become that the Royal Aero Club has stated the records already established are as follows:—

Duration of flight: 14 h. 7 m.
Maximun distance: 282·5 miles.
Distance in a straight line: 44·7 miles.
Altitude: 3,967·9 ft.
Speed in a closed circuit: 33·5 m.p.h.

A strong movement is on foot to popularise gliding in England, to which end two experts from Germany, Dr. Walter Georgii and Herr Stamer, are visiting London next month to lecture to the Royal Aeronautical Society. Gliding is not expensive, a machine sufficiently good for learning costing under £50, and an advanced type of 'plane about £300. In Germany, gliding is controlled by the Rhone-Rossiten Club. Mr. L. Howard Flanders, secretary of the British Gliding Association, is optimistic about the success of gliding in this country as he deems it a great method of inculcating "air-mindedness." Gliding is a science involving a considerable knowledge, and the correct application, of air currents. One can in advanced types of glider fly from the peak of one air current to the next.

UP THE HILL AT LAST: The snag with gliding, as with bob-sleighing, is pushing the vehicle up the slope! While the latter is often done by horses, the former, owing to the fragility of the glider, has to be done by hand. This company is seen at last on the top of the hill. *Above on right*—Herr Schultz and Flying Instructor Auslander are seen discussing plans

ROYALTY IN COMMERCE: *Princess Maria of Russia, who was divorced by the Prince Wilhelm of Sweden, has now a business position worth £5,000 a year in New York*

. . . THERE WERE *Many* PERSONALITIES *Then* . . .

—a defence of the personalities of Victoria's days

by coralie stanton

When our generation was young it seems to me that people had more character. There were more outstanding personalities.

Wouldn't you be just a wee bit surprised, dear bright young person, if you saw to-day a tall, slight gentleman with greying hair, immaculately dressed in striped trousers, frock coat, etc., and wearing a shining topper—and then discovered that it was a woman, a well-known physician about her business? That was one of the personalities of my youth.

But eccentricity of dress has always existed, and I only mention this woman doctor because she was fighting a lone battle against violent prejudice and, incredible though it may seem, masculine attire proved a help to her.

Another personality impressed on my mind, to which I can compare none I know at present, was a literary man as mighty in bulk and intellect as he was lavish in hospitality. Novelist, essayist, journalist, an expert criminologist, a brilliant scholar, he had the knack of attracting round himself the keenest, the biggest, the most picturesque minds of the day. His was entirely home hospitality. Sunday was the great day —every Sunday. People dropped in in the morning, stayed to lunch, to tea, to a supper that lasted well into the night. The family side of it remains with me. His wife, a perfect hostess, provided fare suited to every palate and appetite; his children took part, and you were welcome to bring your own children if you liked. His little boy, I remember, lighted the guests' cigars for them and was hoisted up on to the table to tell them that they could smoke—after the port.

Conversation was the only entertainment. Incidentally, it is the only table at which I have ever heard the host conversing quite naturally with his guests in Latin. There was no bridge, no gramophone shrilled out jazz or murdered the Liebestod. One talked or listened. A day-long Parliament of the Mind.

There are certain spectacular personalities that stand out, people I didn't know. I cannot imagine where I could even see them now. As a small child, going to service in Winchester Cathedral every Sunday morning during a stay with relatives, I was entranced by the entry of a lovely golden-haired lady in a white stamped velvet dress with a tiny waist and an immense train—it was not the period of trains but of bustles—wearing a large bunch of scarlet poppies at her breast She was only a picture to me at the time, but when I inquired about her later I learned that the man she was to have married had been killed in a duel the day before the wedding. The white velvet gown was her wedding dress, and the scarlet poppies represented her lover's mortal wound.

Again, I was taken by a relative from abroad to a certain restaurant famous for its cuisine and long since demolished. (This was a good deal later, in the period for women of men's sailor hats and shirts, and stiff collars, and long tailored skirts. There was a woman there who struck me with her personality. And she was dressed like that. She had a fair, placid English face and masses of brown hair. And a few steps behind her walked a young Indian in gorgeous native dress, a silver belt with a dagger in it, a silver turban with a great diamond aigrette on his delicately-featured head, strings of pearls round his neck. He sat with her at table but never spoke to her or ate. He was obviously not a servant.

We went several times and they were always there. We heard that the woman belonged to a well-known sporting family, had become an opera singer, and believed that she could only keep her voice while she kept the young Indian by her side; and he, though a Prince, had dedicated himself to her service.

Another personality I have half-known is still alive. I met her first in the foreign quarter of London when some bad slums were being pulled down and she was on her work of helping to find temporary quarters for the dispossessed. She was what is now called a district nurse. She could have had very little money, but she believed in a good meal and a glass of good Italian wine.

Some years later, during the terrible influenza epidemic at the end of the War, I went back to the restaurant and met her again. She was still doing her work though obviously unfit for it.

Years passed, and the other day I saw her once more — a very old lady now, but looking much the same, reading her book and eating her good meal and drinking her quarter flask of chianti. She is still working on her humanities, though she walks with two sticks, and will doubtless go on to the end.

. . . There may be just as interesting people about to-day. But, somehow, I don't come across them.

the WORLD

..a complete weekly section a variety of interests

FROM *the* PARIS

by pearl adam

LA FEMME QUI BOIT.—For a city keen on every sou that can be earned by its reputation for gaiety, Paris does indulge in some dismal recreations. Before you can go to the Comtesse de Quelquepart's bridge tea there's a new thing to do; manicure, pedicure, eyebrow-plucking, hair-dressing, tooth-enamelling, make-up, selecting your Woolworths (Woolworth hasn't got here yet, so you can still wear even his 3d. strings safely), dressing, choosing between the striped marten and the circular sable coat—all these have to be gone through with, and now as well you've got to have read a loathly book called *La Femme Qui Boit*. It's about a woman who beats the old cocktail into the old highball, and then invents something stronger. All the chinks are filled in with what the Victorians called gentle dallyings, only these are fairly rough ones. It is by a woman, and she is much praised for her pitiless truth, and also for not "having gone looking for vice." Just the same, unless she had her local colour injected while she was under an anæsthetic I don't see where she got it.

WHO WEARS THE BREECHES.—It must have been at some kind of bar, because Frenchwomen, even of the most virile modern kind, don't drink in private houses. By the way, Violette Morriss, champion motor-car driver, is being haled before the courts for so harmless a masculine habit as wearing trousers of a modified kind. She finds them comfortable in motor-racing and other forms of sport, to say nothing of football—she captains a football team. But the Fédération Feminine Sportive de France says she must never wear this costume save when actually engaged in sport, under pain of losing her licence. So next month a cloud of lawyers and witnesses are going to thresh it out under judicial eyes. It brings back the bad old days of the Suffrage War in England, and reminds one that we are still pretty medieval.

Lenare

A BRIDE OF THE NEW YEAR: *Miss Sheila Faber, who married Mr. W. G. Ogden at St. Martin-in-the-Fields recently*

A FAREWELL APPEARANCE: *Mme Frances Alda in* Manon Lescaut *at the Metropolitan, New York. Mme Alda has retired into broadcasting*

A YOUTHFUL PRODIGY: *Mlle Renee Nizan, a noted French organist, aged sixteen, was recently heard on the great instrument in Notre Dame*

PERFUME (?) OF PARIS!—Not that evidence to the contrary is missing in this burg. At least, it seems up-to-date enough to have a special machine by which one can impregnate one's cigarettes with . . . Rum! It is called the Rumidor, in case one should mistake its purpose or get it mixed up with chypre and patchouli and other horrors of the sort. I should think rum and tobacco must taste positively revolting together, but there the fact is—a neat, expensive little machine in copper exists with the sole purpose of mixing them! It ought to be sold with a set of pretty little nose-shields for the use of those present when the mixture is being smoked.

SILVER—HEAVEN!—Paris has a new bar in the precincts of our very modernist Théâtre Pigalle. It is called

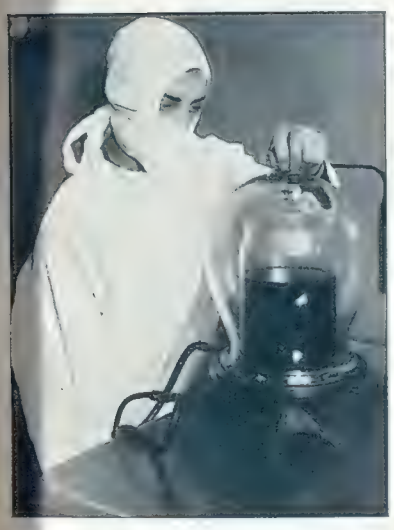
[of] WOMEN

[edited by diana bourbon]

incorporating

for women readers..

MADAME POMPADOUR CINDERELLA: *Miss Sonia Converse in her Cinderella costume at the* Past Bedtime *Revue at the Savoy*



MAKING SURGICAL CATGUT: *A young student at London Hospital, Whitechapel, removing the air bubbles by vacuum so that the material shall have complete iodine treatment*

POINT *of* VIEW

—the world which amuses itself amusingly reviewed

GIGOLOS RAMPANT.—Sacha Guitry's *Histoires de France* is just finishing at this theatre, and great secrecy reigns as to its successor. There's another kind of *Histoire de France* at the Michodière, where Bourdet's *Sexe Faible* is being played. It is all about the kind of foreign French who live in luxury hotels, and the satire is so biting that one almost wonders actors can be found to play the parts satirised. But the house rings with laughter and one can hardly get a seat for love or money; and when you look round the house you see that the delighted audience is mostly composed of the very Mexo-Argento-Spano-N'Yorko-French that are being flayed on the stage! In between the acts the lobbies are full of smiling young men with blackbeetle hair (five widow's peaks—a wee one in the middle, two long pointed ones on the temples, the other two just above the ears), and rosebud lips, just as shown in the play. It really is surprising to see that they smile! The acting and producing is all round good, as one might expect when Victor Boucher and Jeanne Cheirel head the cast, but the scenery, the make-up, and the furniture correspond so exactly to the author's intention of satirising our Hotel Super, and the people it (and its rivals) house, that we almost had a perfectly screamingly funny lawsuit, with the dear old Super foaming with wrath against everybody concerned. However, somebody kept his head and suggested that these rich and orchidaceous clients mightn't like that sort of publicity. So there ain't going to be no lawsuit, and Paris is the poorer by a joke.

after Cocteau's *Enfants Terribles*. That young man hardly ever writes anything without somebody calling a bar or a restaurant after it—a compliment to make an author a little thoughtful. We already have *Le Boeuf Sur le Toit*, and the *Grand Ecart*, so *Les Enfants Terribles* was sure to come. It is all silver, silver everyone, so silver you can hardly believe it. The malicious say it is only cardboard specially treated, but who cares? And it is very forethoughtful and considerate in design, because the silver all goes in waves; ten or a dozen cocktails couldn't make you see it wavier than it actually is. This is much more tactful than the arrangement at Harry's, where large flies are represented crawling on the floor, to the great dismay of some clients! The lighting at the *Enfants Terribles* was to be one of its most modern super-attractions, but it was found a bit too Futurist for the complexions of the Bright Young People of Paris, as it painted shadows under their eyes one minute and obliterated everything but their lips the next. Nobody's nerves could stand it, and it has been quietened down.

YET IN HER TEENS: *Mlle Vronsky, the Ukrianian solo pianist of the London Symphony Orchestra, who made her successful debut at the Albert Hall a few days ago*

THE WINNER OF A GREAT PRIZE: *Miss Kathleen Anne-Veitch, who has won the Owen Jones travelling studentship offered by the R.I.B.A.*

. . . BUT WE *are* ALL PERSONALITIES *Now* . . .

—a reply by a member of the "younger generation"

by diana bourbon

Our generation hasn't—let us admit it at once and get it over with—an overwhelming share of what one might call "*Great* Personalities." People who can not only dominate their immediate circle, but stride across the Age, and for good or ill leave an impression on posterity. The stage is set for them, but our super-men were not born—or we killed them off most efficiently in the War that produced neither a Cæsar nor a Napoleon. Compared to history our goodnesses are feeble and our wickednesses unspectacular.

But of the ordinary personalities who flavour life for all the rest of us we have our fill. Our standards for these personalities may be slightly different from the standards of a past age. We would probably think a woman who for years publicly paraded a bleeding heart in a worn, yet unworn, wedding gown, lacking in some most essential reticence—one who persuaded herself that she kept her voice by a fetish, a fool; and the man who encouraged, aided, and abetted her, slightly worse.

We may be wrong, probably are, but that's not to say that we haven't our own vintage of personality for those who can see and appreciate.

I know a nobleman (that word is used to prevent your guessing whether he is also an Englishman) who has held fascinating royal and diplomatic appointments in half the Courts of Europe, who was a bartender in the Yukon in the gold rush of '98. And a poet, a brilliant and charming personality, cultured, polished (at a dinner party you would think him the complete exquisite), who has been a professional tramp and served more than one term of imprisonment for vagrancy.

Get *them* to talk, and the things you hear will be worth hearing. But they don't talk to everybody. You may have met both of them and never suspected them. The nobleman has in my presence let a greenhorn who had just read *The Trail of '98* discourse of the Klondike without twitching a face muscle. And the poet, who for physical strength might be made of flexible steel, agreed the other day with a 'Varsity football fan that "you writer Johnnies are soft, physically I mean."

Perhaps that is the essential difference between our personalities, and those of the generation immediately preceding ours. *They* dramatised themselves. For ours it is enough to have done, to have been. Only the fortunate few of us are let in to the rest of their secret.

"What an intensely interesting face that woman has," someone remarked to me the other day in a restaurant. And "I'd give anything to paint that woman," more than one artist has told me of the same person in the past. Those who know her casually would think her quite ordinary, except of course for her wonderful face, that if you can read tells its own story. Her name is practically unknown. Her personal reputation neither good nor bad. Practically one might say that she hasn't got one. Yet she is one of the bravest people I have ever known. A woman who has never been afraid to live, doing everything for which she might have been condemned, and funnily enough, in the process rescuing three of our most brilliant men from becoming the complete wasters they more than promised to be.

I knew another, a woman of no career, no outstanding achievement—not particularly beautiful—and though she would have been a wonderful mother, blessed with no child. She died very recently and her funeral was attended by weeping hundreds—people you would have called next-door-to-strangers. Shop-girls who had waited on her in the stores she patronised, taxi-men from the rank near her house, servants who had left her employ years before, Society women who had served with her on committee, people who had just met her somewhere and fallen under her charm.

I don't think that as a generation even the rag-tag and bobtail of us are quite nonentities. We can talk. As much and as well as any generation that preceded us. The nights that in my own drawing-room we have sat passionately discoursing and discussing till 3 and 4 a.m., to rise with a start thinking it must be nearly midnight by now!

No. When we put the latest sentimental ballad, or jazz time rendering of an old classic on the gramophone, when we turn to *petits chevaux*, or playing the old army version of *vingt-et-un*, it is usually because we feel, somehow, that the conversation, if we turned to conversation, wouldn't be good enough. Wouldn't be up to standard.

And our standard is very high. We no longer have any patience with the second-rate or tolerate the pretentious. Pinchbek personality won't go down with us. Just as the late Victorian, early Edwardian drawing-room voice wouldn't go down with us.

We may have no manners to speak of—but we *have* got taste.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.

THE TERRACE ON THE ROOF: *This commands a gorgeous view over the surrounding country. Flowering shrubs stand in concrete boxes*

THE FLATS *of the* FUTURE.

—the new Lurcat block outside Paris described

by derek patmore

A block of modern flats, designed and built by a young French architect, Andre Lurcat, at Bagneux, outside Paris, are an interesting example of what we can expect to live in in the future, for undoubtedly the tendency to live in a flat rather than a house is becoming more and more popular. We are beginning to appreciate these great blocks of flats with a restaurant, ballroom, and service attached. They save so much trouble in housekeeping, and without a doubt the future will see more of these flats being built in the great cities. Flats inexpensive enough to suit all purses.

Lurcat is an architect with very progressive ideas. He believes in using concrete for domestic architecture, for he says that it is cheaper, more modern and reliable than brick. All his rooms are designed to contain the maximum of air and light.

These flats at Bagneux are interesting and important, for they show that flats, modern and with every convenience, can be built to suit people of average means. And, ironically, they are even more comfortable and livable than their *de luxe* counterparts over here—Grosvenor House.

The façade of these blocks of flats on the street is striking in its simplicity. It rises to the height of four storeys, and the concrete has been left its natural colour, a light grey, and the wide oblong windows have been painted blue, so have the doors. One of Lurcat's chief theories is that most rooms in town houses and flats do not get enough fresh air. Like Le Corbusier, another brilliant French architect, he thinks that each room, living rooms in particular, should have either a balcony or terrace outside. So each window, facing the street, in the flats at Bagneux is recessed so that there is room for a small balcony looking over the street.

The top of these flats has been made flat and converted into a terraced roof garden for use of the occupants. This terrace is paved, and has concrete flower-boxes, planted with flowering shrubs and plants. The chimneys have been cleverly concealed in a modern looking pergola made in concrete, which looks very decorative. A wonderful view of the countryside round Paris is obtained from this terrace, and in the summertime, when the streets become unbearable with heat, the residents of these flats can come up to this terrace and, under coloured awnings, escape the dusty heat of the day. This is an idea that could easily be copied in English flats, and it is a pity that our architects do not show a little more initiative and do so.

These flats have been built round a courtyard, like the old eighteenth-century hotels, and this has been planted with trees so that the windows have a pleasant outlook.

Now we come to the flats themselves. Each flat is heated with central heating. The rooms have good proportions, and the walls are covered with smooth plaster which can easily be distempered any colour desired, and in the case of each living-room especial attention has been devoted to the window space. In each

THE LURCAT BLOCK: *This view looks on to the courtyard. Note the wide oblong windows. The roof is a flat terrace*

living-room practically a whole wall has been given over to a wide oblong window, so that the room during the daytime is always full of light, and catches what little sunshine there may be in winter.

Another feature of the rooms is that the corners running round the floor where the walls meet the floor have been rounded so that no dust can collect there.

Lurcat is very fond of using built-in furniture in his interiors, so that these flats are well fitted with useful built-in cupboards. Enough cupboard space is frequently a problem in flats.

The flats of the future! The description of the flats above will give us some idea as to what they will be like.

ORIGINALITY

—children

by violet king

No longer is it considered right and proper for mothers to consider their own taste in decorating the nursery! The modern child at a very early age shows marked individuality. It has its likes and dislikes, and asserts them too.

There is a "detached" and utter disregard of the usual customs found in the present-day child's mind. They know what they want and usually get it. A parent who ventures to decide on a new scheme for the nursery decoration without consulting the inhabitant is often troubled afterwards with a half-fear as to what the verdict will be, if the smallest child is over three.

Considering these points, a wise parent arranges a consultation beforehand, and all the children are present to decide as to what colour the walls shall be, and what kind of pictures shall adorn them. Most children love designing—and painting—at one or other phase in their life, and the illustrations show examples of their own work. Many of the older ones show decided talent if they are given the opportunity, and often much originality.

These wooden panels, or pictures, are made entirely by older brothers and sisters, for the younger ones in the nursery, and of late they have become quite a fashion. Probably it is because children are better able to amuse children than grown-ups, no matter how hard the grown-ups try. And they so often strike the right note in decoration for a nursery, which is not surprising, considering how recently they themselves have passed through there.

The subjects chosen for these panels seem to find favour in the baby's eyes, which shows clearly that they understand one another better, no matter how "advanced" their parents might be. They have been "tried out" in many instances — a baby will often be bored with the old-fashioned rhymes, and be highly amused at a very distorted version of their own pet animal depicted on wood by an older brother.

Nurseries nowadays are often entirely re-decorated according to the views of the children themselves, and an amusing result is usually found.

FABLES OLD AND NEW: *A charming trio of designs for the younger of the family executed by the elder children—far more suited to their tastes than the products of parents!*

After all, there is a genuine thou behind each thing a child does, not a pretty-pretty idea suggested grown-ups for effect only, or becau it is the fashion.

Wood panels and pictures hav proved themselves strangely fascinat ing, especially where the children have been allowed to do them *entirely* b themselves—without suggestions fro grown-ups. Quite complete pictur galleries are seen in some of the "ne thought" nurseries—and very origina galleries, too.

Looking at these pictures, an taking them seriously as they shou be taken, one can discover real talen often, and the direction in which i lies. The mind of the child is some times obvious in the conception of th picture. Animals, of course, are see more often as subjects than any othe but they often pass on to others at a later stage and do original designs.

"Thinking" parents, who are no decided what to give for a birthday present, could very well walk roun

DOING *the*

—do not mix c

by ann drew

We've all seen the leading actress doing the flowers in some play, at some time, and smiled over the ludicrousness of it as she rammed bloom after bloom from a bunch clasped tightly in one hand into vases they didn't suit. But any number of women don't do *real* flowers any better in *real* life. They labour too hard to achieve wrong effects. Especially they overcrowd their materials, failing to realise that three tulips in a slim crystal stem may look infinitely better than three dozen flopping all over the place in a large bowl.

Flowers require space to be graceful in. And mixing them, except for the achievement of some carefully planned colour scheme or variety of effect is nearly always a mistake.

Flowers needn't either represent a terrible household expense, not only because the cheapest varieties are often the most charming and effective, but because a little care will always make them last (and last *beautifully*) very nearly twice as long as most people expect them to. Why do you suppose that flowers in flower shops last so much better than flowers in private homes? They are properly taken care of.

The first essential of course is always to cut the stems before arranging blooms in water in the first place.

It enables them to drink better. Mos people know this, but few of them realise that the cutting should b done *diagonally*, never straight. (Th latter method will often caus wilting.) One reason for this may b that the diagonal cut offers so muc more barkless space through whic they can drink.

Then the water *must be kept clean* preferably being changed every day spite of the superstition that cut flower should never be disturbed for wate changing, a little fresh merely bein added daily. A crystal of perman ganate of potash is the best thing f keeping the water pure if dai changing *is* impracticable. Or failin that a bit of charcoal may be droppe into the vases. But no flowers wi long survive impure water, and falle leaves and petals, which quickl poison it, should always be remove at once.

There are actually special medic treatments that benefit individu flowers. A grain of aspirin, for in stance, dissolved in a quart of th water used, prolongs the lives chrysanthemums, dahlias, and rose considerably. Roses, incidentally, ma

he NURSERY.

best designers for children

e nursery and observe the subjects
the wooden pictures, and in this
ay find out what the older children
ve. There are times when the young
tists have forcefully expressed their
vn tastes on their pictures rather
an draw something baby would like.
Some walls are literally covered
ith pictures of ships in full sail, and
this case the parent can be pretty
fe in buying the small artist a yacht
r his birthday. There are scenes
ave and gay on these nursery panels,
d girls usually paint fairy tales or
ts from the Russian Ballet—especially
they have recently seen it.

HE ORIENT OF THE NURSERY: *Pigtails may be tabu in China but not in the realm of childhood! And the mountains are very mountainous even if not particularly life-like*

Another distinct advantage in
aving pictures done by the older
ildren is that while they are busy
esigning and painting, they are fully
cupied in an interesting way, and
ept out of mischief. It develops
e habit of thought, besides stir-
ng the creative faculty. And these
e two important things to cultivate
the young. All modern parents
ill agree.

Apart from their use as pictures, these panels can be fixed so as to slide in the door if made in a thin plywood, and they can be changed from time to time to vary the scenes. The backgrounds for this purpose should be in keeping with the nursery woodwork, painted to tone. Shelves also should be arranged round the whole length of the room in order for the smallest member of the household to be able to put his own toys away, when not in use. The wooden pictures could be placed a few inches higher than the toy shelf so that they may be viewed and criticised in comfort by the little ones, who could not see them so well were they hung higher on the wall.

Pale primrose walls with blue skies painted on the ceiling and primrose woodwork always make a good ground for painted wooden pictures, and with a large sun in the sky—even though it may be only on the nursery ceiling—the atmosphere is bright and happy, and just what is wanted for small impressionable minds.

Those who want their nursery to look unique may safely leave the whole of the decorations to the older children, merely deciding the colours for the walls and furniture. The children will do the rest, and the most original and spontaneous effect will be found which could not be produced by schemes designed by grown-ups.

All the toys should be made by hand, and painted likewise. These usually give much more joy than those made by machinery, and there is also a certain amount of pleasure in creating them. The tools for making these are few and inexpensive—a fret-saw and a few pots of enamel.

While children are being amused in this way, they are also being trained to become useful at an early age, and in a way they find pleasant and interesting. When they have finished the pictures and toys, if they are still wanting to "work," there are usually plain panels on the nursery dresser which will often be improved by a few designs.

FLOWERS —AND HOW!

e them air as well as water

e kept from their usual trick of speedy
ilting, if every night they are
moved from their vases and either
ft floating in a bath-tub full of cold
ater or thrust head downward into
tall jug of water. (This is a florist's
ick, which is also beneficial to both
aidenhair and asparagus fern.)
rchids, incidentally—and not all of
em are prohibitively expensive—
espond particularly well to this same
reatment, and as they can be made
fast literally for weeks, instead of
ays, it is worth practising on them.

Tulips are of all flowers the best
empered. Their one annoying habit
—that of sprawling about and develop-
g positively serpentine curves, may
e controlled or altogether prevented
y a very simple treatment. Just
rap the whole bunch of them firmly
a newspaper every night, and thrust
he parcel deep into a tall jug or
ucket. The paper (like the flowers)
bsorbs the water, and stiffens and
traightens the stems.

Incidentally, the one stem-clipping
s by no means sufficient for the preser-
ation of flowers. A little more should
e trimmed off—still diagonally—every
ime the vase water is changed. This shears off the sodden "drinking" portion.

Carnations are particularly long-lived flowers, but even their reign can be extended if they are kept in water in which boric acid has been dissolved—a teaspoonful to a gallon is the proper quantity, and this water will not require changing at all. All flowers that appear wilted when they are brought home from the shop or received from the post may be quickly revived if they are put into lukewarm water at first. (This, of course, does not apply if they are really and thoroughly stale.)

Above all, do not place them anywhere where they will get the fumes from a gas-fire. All flowers are susceptible to gas, which ruins them far more quickly than even a *blazing* coal fire. But also it is interesting to know that draughts are bad, and must be avoided. A vase of flowers put where they catch the breeze from a constantly opened door or window will fade far more quickly than another vase of the same flowers in a sheltered place—though funnily enough a sudden change of temperature will often benefit both. For instance, after a cold night the flowers in a much-used and well-warmed room will be found enormously revived. Flowers should never be left in heated apartments at night.

IN SILVER AND ROSE: *A notable ward-robe in rosewood inlay with dull silver fittings. This recalls rather the handicraft of the middle ages than the mass production of to-day. By Lorenz of Vienna*

THE ROMANCE *of* CUPBOARDS.

—a chapter in furnishing history

by harriet dickson

If the inside of a modern cupboard with its multiplicity of divisions and commodious drawers is as full of fascination as any eighteenth-century model, the outside of much of the new work is equally deserving of note. For the moderns have rediscovered the beauty of wood. They have seen what light and shade lie in that first favourite, walnut. They have taken rosewood to their hearts again and realised too that ebony, far from being an old-fashioned material for the artist of the past, can be a striking contrast in its appropriate environment. Their treatment, however, is vastly different. The beauty of line—straight line is given free play. Veneer and inlay are championed rather than carving and curves, and who shall yet say that the new era lacks the individuality which characterised the old?

EXECUTED IN WALNUT: *A striking cupboard which successfully blends antique craft with modern design, by Soulek of Vienna*

To the making of cupboards there is no end. The extent, indeed, to which they occupy the furniture artists' attention is reminiscent of the olden days when cupboards and beds were always given pride of place. It is more than likely, however, that the reaction against whole suites has given the impetus to the cupboard movement. Suites are more or less at a discount, and instead one or two distinctive pieces — and these not seldom cupboards—are placed in a free position in the room where such individuality and beauty as they possess may be seen to the best advantage.

The singling out of one particular piece has something to recommend it, for the designer, like his forerunners of old, is called upon to exercise not skill alone, but a feeling for art and beauty. The result has been that something of the individual workmanship typical of the Middle Ages rather than the monotony of mass production has crept into the work. Nor are the new cupboards smaller than their predecessors. Most of them, it is true, lose something in height, making up for it in their breadth, while the internal arrangements keep on becoming more and more complicated. Space saving was not an unknown quality in the past. Baroque devised combination cupboards which were marvels of ingenuity, but the up-to-date wardrobe which takes anything from hats and umbrellas to shoes, handkerchiefs, and evening dresses, is a compendium not even dreamed of by the inventive spirits who foretold developments of two centuries ago. The dining-room sideboard-cupboard is another example of the compact idea. Complete table appointments, a serving buffet to pull out, movable partitions for every conceivable shape and size of dish, and this practical time-saving century contributes yet another step towards future development.

These twentieth-century cupboards illustrated, and many of their fellows, are admittedly very different from the cupboards produced by the artists of bygone periods. Yet cupboards all through the ages had much of the best work of their time lavished on them. What a multitude of cupboard treasures, large and small, carved and painted, the great period of Gothic left in its train! To find Gothic, however, Germany is the country to visit. There is a quaint and unusual example, however, to be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Known as Prince Arthur's cupboard, it bears the date 1500, and was apparently from its name of livery cupboard a kind of larder. The open-work panels are very striking.

Continuing the search, the Victoria and Albert Museum treasures some of the marqueterie work of Boulle, that redoubtable artist in ebony. And looking back through the varied stages of progress in this cupboard romance one is tempted to ask what the fate of the moderns will be? Will their work too be treasured like the old?

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.

HOW OUR ENGLISH WOMEN LIVE ABROAD (III).

——Australia, a wonderful country if you can rough it

by stella knight

I once heard an Australian woman describe her country to a young Englishwoman who had married a Sydney doctor and was sailing the next day for her new home:

"It's a harsh country," she said, "with no room for ultra-sensitive Englishwomen. Your life there will be very different from your life at home. Unless you can adapt yourself you will probably be unhappy—at first.

"But it is a vigorous life, and less conventional than in England. Learn to love freedom, shed your insularity, and you will learn also to love Australia."

The English bride found her first eighteen months very difficult indeed. Accustomed as she was to the servant problem as discussed from John o' Groats to Land's End — the cooks who couldn't cook yet demanded £50 a year, the glass-breaking and heart-breaking maids who sneered at £1 a week, the insolence of the gardener-chauffeur and the slackness of the houseman—she had no real conception of what a servant problem really can be.

She was not born to the lap of luxury, but to modest comfort. Her husband's income varied between seven and eight hundred pounds a year. Yet she was expected to do all her own housework, with the help of a charwoman twice a week at 12s. 6d. a day.

If she rebelled she could take the alternative and pay twenty-five or thirty shillings a week for the rough, untrained help offered by one of the flamboyantly dressed Sydney girls.

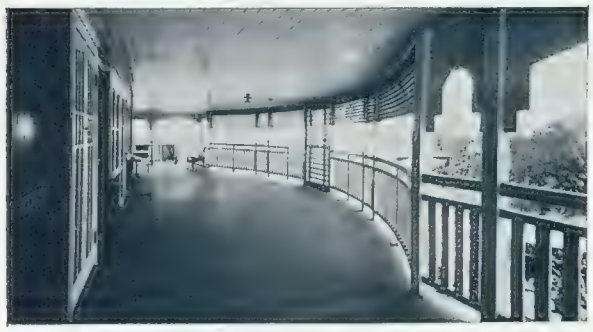
Her first maid used to rouge herself carefully, as a matter of course, before starting on the washing-up. She spoke to the Englishwoman as to an equal, and left after two days on being asked to polish a pair of her mistress's patent-leather shoes.

The servant problem is acute in Australia. There are no class distinctions as we know them in England. Servants and mistresses dress alike, in the brief, brilliant georgettes, painted chiffons, and the cheap silks from Japan, which suit the brilliant sunshine.

The Englishwoman soon discovered that trained, skilful, and courteous servants were only to be found in the homes of the very rich in Sydney and Melbourne and on the great "stations" or sheep-breeding centres. And small wonder, she thought, when a cook on a "station" can earn £4 a week!

She gave her daily orders to tradespeople who called for them; she used her telephone too, but not as much as an American woman does. She tried not to be discouraged by the endless shower of fine golden dust that filtered into her house through every available crack in spite of vigorous dusting.

She missed the civilised stimulant of the London season. (There is little cultural life in Australia, for it is difficult to get artists to travel so far.) She resented having to pay eight guineas for a dress that would have cost her four in London. She found that the cheapness and goodness of the meat did not make up for the scarcity and dearness of all vegetables except tomatoes and cucumbers. She loved the softness of the water in Sydney, but found that the heat (sometimes 100 in the shade at midnight) made her pale, and forced her to use more rouge than would have been thought correct in England.



THE CIRCULAR VERANDAH: *This is very typical of Australian houses. It has an extra high railing and a low white-enamelled ceiling. It is practically lived on during the summer*

MADE OF MANY WOODS: *A typical house in Brisbane. It is constructed entirely of Queensland timber, no fewer than eight woods being used*

But when she found herself growing discontented she reckoned up her benefits, and found them many.

Hers was a labour-saving modern house, like all Australian city houses, for, as in America, so in other "new" countries, the old ideas of "it doesn't matter for the servants" goes by the board—especially when the mistress is, far more often than not, the servant. Her housework was simplified by built-in tubs for washing, a properly equipped clothes-boiler, a gas cooker, electric light, and a telephone.

Her two children could almost live in the open air and the glorious sunshine. The house illustrated on this page shows to what an extent the outdoor life is cultivated in the Antipodes. The circular veranda is a place where one chats, writes, plays cards, reads, sews, or simply sits! One cannot live long, even in the cities of the island continent, without noticing the typical tan of superb health characteristic of an open-air race. A shade crude perhaps to insular eyes, when compared to the milk-and-white freshness of the home products, as many colonial ideas and conventions seem at first sight, yet when one appreciates it at its true worth, the health, that robust, almost bursting health is one of the great joys of Australia. The children learned, and so did their mother, to love picnics, as the gay, outspoken Australians do—to pack up a basket for an excursion on the lovely Blue Mountains, or on Sydney "Harbour." She learned to appreciate the ancient-looking beauty of the mountains, with their flat tops; the grey-green-blue-grey bush; the scent of the trees and flowers.

And when she wanted a *real* cure for discontent she pictured the life of a young settler's wife on a sheep or wheat farm, with the nearest neighbour ten miles away. Washing, mending, and cooking to be done for herself, her husband, and the ten or thirteen men working on the farm. Four huge meals a day to be supplied, and relays of cakes, tarts, and pies baked to serve as "fill-ups" between meals. For the Australian habit of drinking tea at every conceivable hour of the day and night brings in its train "elevenses" at hours other than eleven.

When the Englishwoman remembers, too, that often every drop of water is collected in tanks on the roof from the rain, and has to be brought into the house for domestic use; when she thinks of the unbroken loneliness of life on these farms, the horror of mosquitoes, dust, and flies . . . then she realises that she is lucky indeed!

AN AUSTRALIAN LIVING-ROOM: *The fashion in the Antipodes is to have adequately sombre walls to admit of a riot of colour throughout. Gay chintzes and lamp-shades look well against the polished wood floor*

CHANGE YOUR PERSONALITY WITH YOUR FROCK.

—If you want to be really smart

To-day it is not sufficient merely to change your frock for each occasion. To be smart you must change your personality at the same time. There lies the secret of the true success of the perfectly dressed woman. Only if she has slipped into the very spirit of her clothes as she slips these over her head can she hope to compete in the sophisticated round of smartness that is life as it is played to-day. "Clothes have no personality," you will say—and rightly, for clothes as they are bought, or even as they are created for you, are in themselves negative of spirit and devoid of personality. Everyone realises that; but the unfortunates who abide resignedly by the realisation are those who never make a success of their dressing, spend how and where they will. The lack of personality in unworn clothes is a challenge in itself. As soon as they are yours they should be invested with personality, *by* yourself. And in the eyes of your friends who will often remember so well a mood of yours in association with a frock that they will individualise the frock for evermore in the name of that mood. Your "vital" frock, your "sombre" coat; by these qualifications among your friends shall you count your successes in the art of dressing.

If you are the lucky possessor of a charming and pronounced personality you are already well on the way to making a success of this dressing business—that is, if you can adapt and alter your personality to show it and the frock off to the best mutual advantage! Find out by self searching the "high and the low lights" of your individuality, and then choose your clothes to accord with them. Don't wear a gay little chiffon frock at an evening party when you are going to appear a responsible and serious-minded individual; you would not be giving yourself a chance to make a success of your characterisation! Any more than a man going in search of a new job, booming his previous success, would ever be able to convince if he was shabby and down-at-heel.

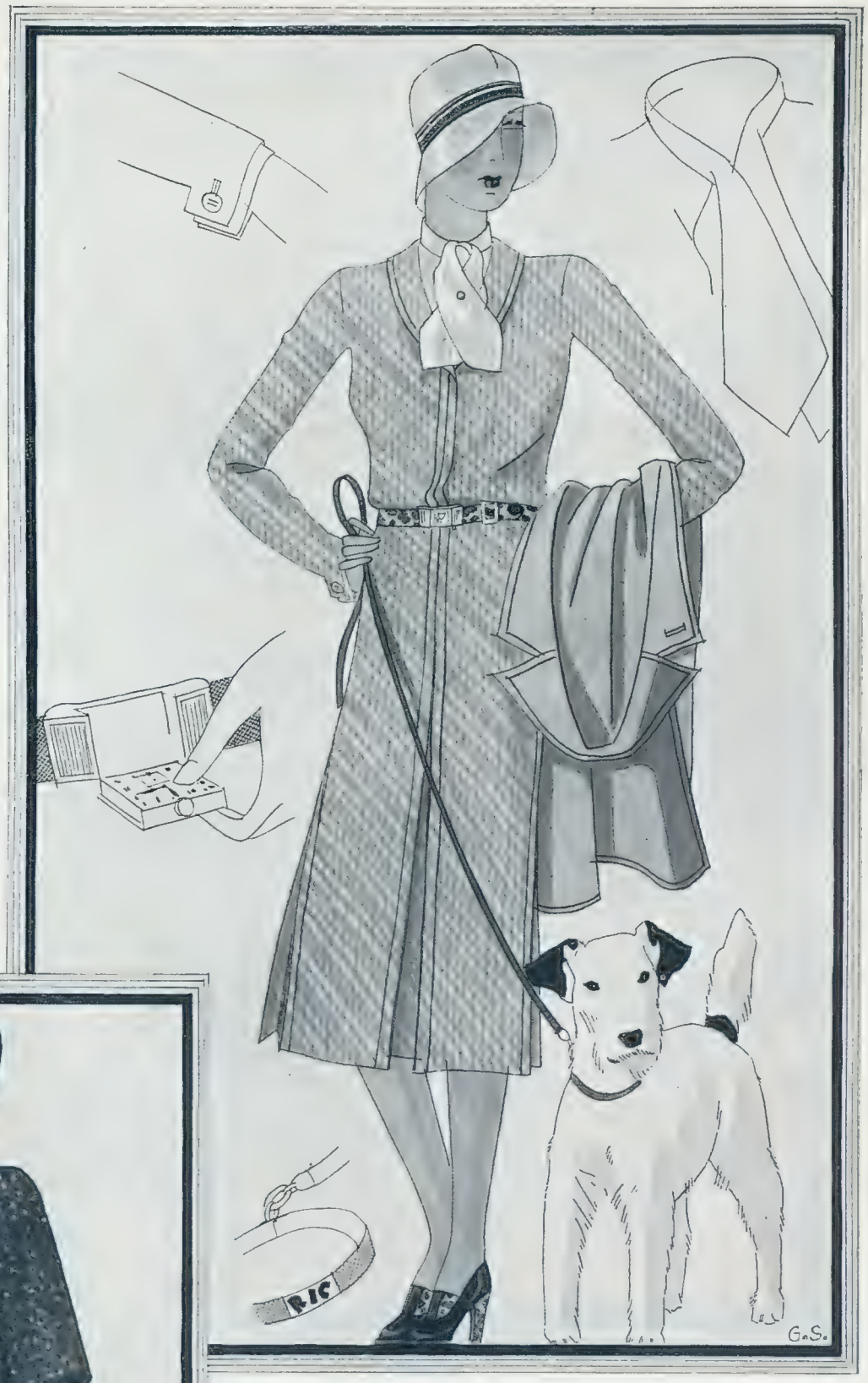
A CHARMING ENSEMBLE: *If you wear long, barbaric ear-rings, do your hair this way*

You will find, if you study yourself a little, that you have outstanding characteristics that generally predominate; and although these are accentuated or diminished according to caprice, there is a definite personality that is "You" in the morning — wearing "tailor-made" or whatever best befits you—just as there is another that is "You" at the afternoon party, a "You" equipped for the evening . . .

Dress to suit these different personalities on their different occasions—it is not nearly so

(Continued on the next page)

FOR THE WOMAN OF SPORTING TYPE



FOR THE WALKING LADY

A morning dress in light-coloured tweed with a small roll collar. The small vest is of white piqué, the ends of which cross over and form a tie, with a cuff edging to match. The new waistband of lizard has a watch in the centre (this being one of the latest novelties in Paris)

The heavy tweed coat seen below is used for travelling or motoring with a small cape, roll collar, large revers, and patch-pockets. The belt is of the same material, fastened with a large metal clasp. The leather hand-bag has an outside pocket containing a mirror and all the necessities for smoking

(Continued from preceding page)

difficult or complicated as it sounds, for how often do you hear men and women say to one another, "It doesn't seem to matter what she wears, she's always *certain* to be well dressed—she's just one of those fortunate women who was born with the secret."

The last phrase is nonsense; the secret of her success is that she schemes her clothes to suit her personality, and she wasn't born *able to do that!* She may have been lucky enough to have been born with a "sense of dress" — careful taste and grooming are very necessary to the ultimate success of the whole. But a clever dressmaker can help here. Unfortunately there is no teacher to be paid to develop our personalities "in-to" our clothes—though the psycho-analysts may take it up in time!

The Cleverly Dressed Women, the successful ones, are those who can turn fashion to their own account, who can supply the remaining half of the truth of Fashion's generalisations through the medium of their own personalities. —N. C.

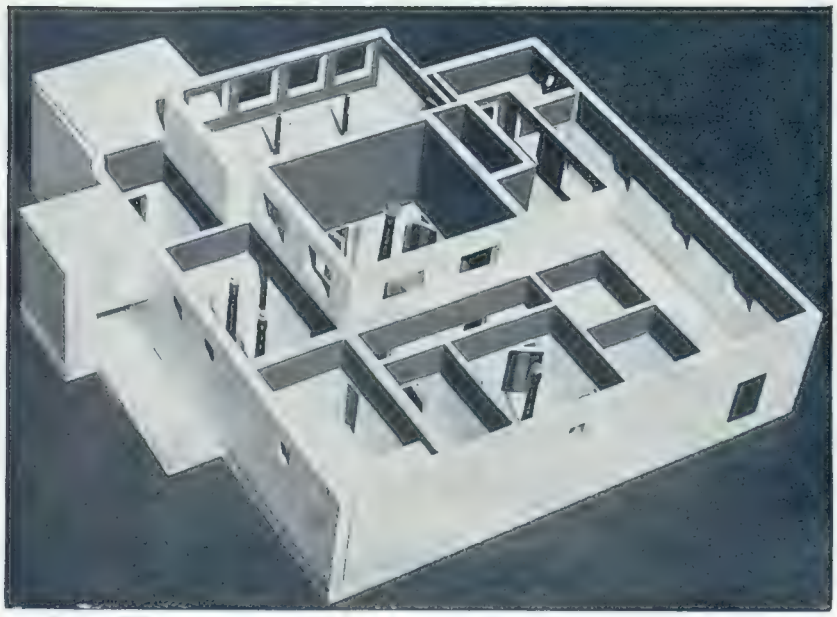
LUXOR'S GLORIES RIVALLED

The Discoveries of the American Metropolitan Museum of Art Expedition to Deir-el-Bahri, where the Most Magnificent Finds were Unearthed

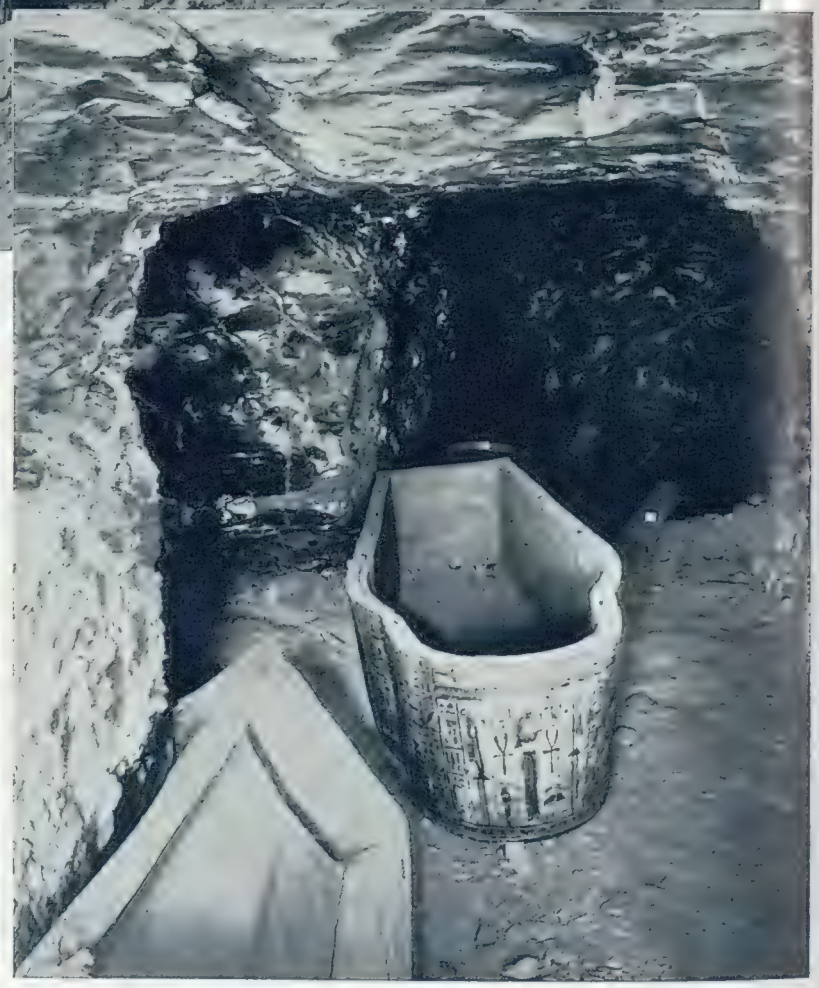
IN AN ATTITUDE OF PRAYER: *A large kneeling statue unearthed at Deir-el-Bahri by the American Expedition led by Mr. Herbert E. Winlock. The body of the statue was found quite recently, but the head had been discovered some time ago and was at one time in the State Museum of Berlin*

On right—A PORTRAIT SPHINX: *A striking discovery of the Metropolitan Expedition. It is executed in limestone, and is a portrait of Queen Hatshepsut*

THE FELLAHEEN ASSIST: *Egyptian labourers, who do nearly all the heavy labour, at work on the excavations at Deir-el-Bahri*



THE FIRST COMPLETE DETAILED MODEL OF AN EGYPTIAN DOMESTIC DWELLING: *The Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, has recently completed a very interesting model of a wealthy Egyptian's house, reconstructed from one unearthed at Tel-el-Amarna. The ground floor is a replica of the uncovered dwelling, the upper story is a reconstruction from such remains as were available. The roof has been removed in this picture to show the internal arrangement of the room. The model shows the pillared supports and the existence of staircases. The house dates from Tutankh-amen's time, and it is quite possible that he may have entered the original of this building*



THE EMPTY COFFIN: *This was found in the tomb of Queen Meryat-Amun who reigned some 3,000 years ago. Evidence was found to prove that the tomb was rifled about 1,000 years ago*

The Great Temple of Deir-el-Bahri lies in a semi-circular basin originally preserved exclusively for the monument of the Mentuhotep kings. Its slopes were occupied by the tombs of the grandees of the XI Dynasty, including the rock-tomb of Queen Nofru. The temple dates from the beginning of the New Empire, and was built and adorned by Queen Hatshepsut, the sister, consort, and co-regent of Thutmosis III

Benger's Food has the distinct advantage that it is always cooked with fresh new milk. *(Vide Medical opinion).* It is not only highly nutritious but most easily digested. Weakly and backward Infants thrive upon Benger's Food, delicate and Aged Persons enjoy it. Rely upon Benger's in sickness or convalescence.

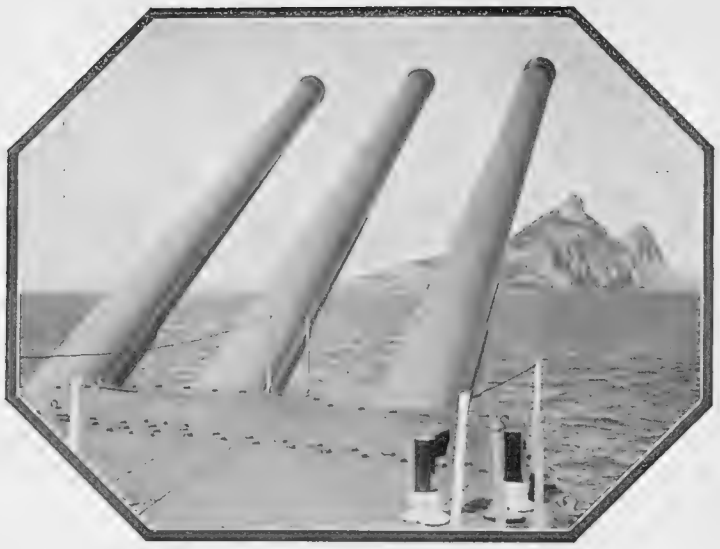
"Few modern improvements in pharmacy have done so much as Benger's Food to assist the physician in his treatment of the sick." — *"Medical Press and Circular."*

Mothers, and Invalids or Aged Persons, please write for the Benger Booklet post free.
BENGER'S FOOD, LTD., Otter Works, MANCHESTER.
Branch Offices :—
Sydney (N.S.W.) : 350, George St. New York (U.S.A.) : 90, Beekman St. Cape Town (S.A.) : P.O. Box 573

BENGER'S Food
Regd. TRADE MARK.

Sold in Tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere, 1/4, 2/3, *etc.*

253



THE ROCK *in an historically appropriate setting*

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

A Weekly Feature Devoted to the Interests of Travel at Home and Abroad

Edited by CRAWFURD PRICE

The ROCK.

A New Travel Centre

By Major W. T. BLAKE

Gibraltar, commonly called the Key to the Mediterranean, may quite truly be described as the travel key to the Mediterranean. Not only does it guard the entrance to the most famous of all seas around which lie the classic countries most favoured by the tourist, but the lands about its shores contain some of the finest scenery to be found in any part of the world; the archæological treasures and ancient buildings surpass in interest those to be found in any other continent, and the climate itself is that happy medium of golden sunshine and blue seas and skies without the excessive heat of the tropics.

In ancient times it was known as Mons Calpé and the name still survives in the famous Calpé Hunt, said to have been founded by Wellington with hounds brought from England for his officers during the Peninsular Campaign.

Though it was known to the Phœnicians it was not used by them, and from the records available it appears to have been first inhabited in 711 A.D. when, on April 10, the Moorish chief Tarik Ibn Seyad landed on the Rock and built a fort. The Rock was then known as Jebel Tarik (Mountain of Tarik) and this is the name which survives to-day in the slightly altered form of Gibraltar.

Tarik built the fort now known as Moorish Castle. The original erection covered much more ground than the present remains, but the tower which still stands is undoubtedly of Moorish work, though probably of a later date than the castle erected by Tarik himself. It is now one of the outstanding points of interest in the colony, and has recently been opened by the Government for the inspection of visitors. At the foot of the tower lies the civil prison.

During its long history Gibraltar has undergone many sieges, the first being in 1309 A.D. when it was taken from the Moors by the Spaniard, Alonzo de Guzman, but in all its history none is more famous than the great siege of 1779, when it was beleaguered by a force of French and Spanish numbering over 61,000 troops, whilst the garrison consisted of less than 9,000 men and five warships. The siege was not raised until March 12, 1783, and during this time the garrison underwent tremendous privations.

During this siege the fortifications were greatly strengthened, and under Lieutenant Evoleth, R.E., and Sergeant Ince, the wonderful galleries, which are the great sights of Gibraltar, were commenced. These galleries are divided into two ranges, many of them being entirely hewed out as tunnels in the rocks, with occasional chambers where complete batteries of guns were stationed.

Popular belief states that one fresh gun is added to the galleries for every year, so that according to this idea there should now be 1929 cannon on the Rock. Even if this were true the vast majority of the guns are of the old-fashioned muzzle-loading type of no use except as mementos of the great siege and matters of interest to visitors. Great portions of the galleries have now been opened to the public.

The third great sight on the Rock is the waterworks, including the tremendous catchment areas on the eastern side of the Rock. On a natural slope that has been improved by man's art, acres of corrugated iron and cement have been laid, the total collecting area being 38½ acres in extent, this serving to collect 600,000 gallons per inch of rain.

Hewed out of the heart of the Rock are tremendous reservoirs capable of storing 7,000,000 gallons of water which is led to them through channels from the catchment area. By payment of a small fee the visitor is taken through the tunnel from one side of the Rock to the other, passing the reservoirs, out to the catchment area itself. This alone is one of the engineering wonders of the world.

The town of Gibraltar lies at the western end of the Rock on ground which slopes down to the sea. Here is Irish Town and Main Street, and, farther south, Europa Point, which looks out towards Africa. The beautiful Alameda Gardens, with their trees and flowering shrubs, form a delightful shady retreat.

The ways of reaching the Rock are many. A dozen or more steamship lines call at the port to and from the East, whilst by rail Gibraltar is about two days from London.

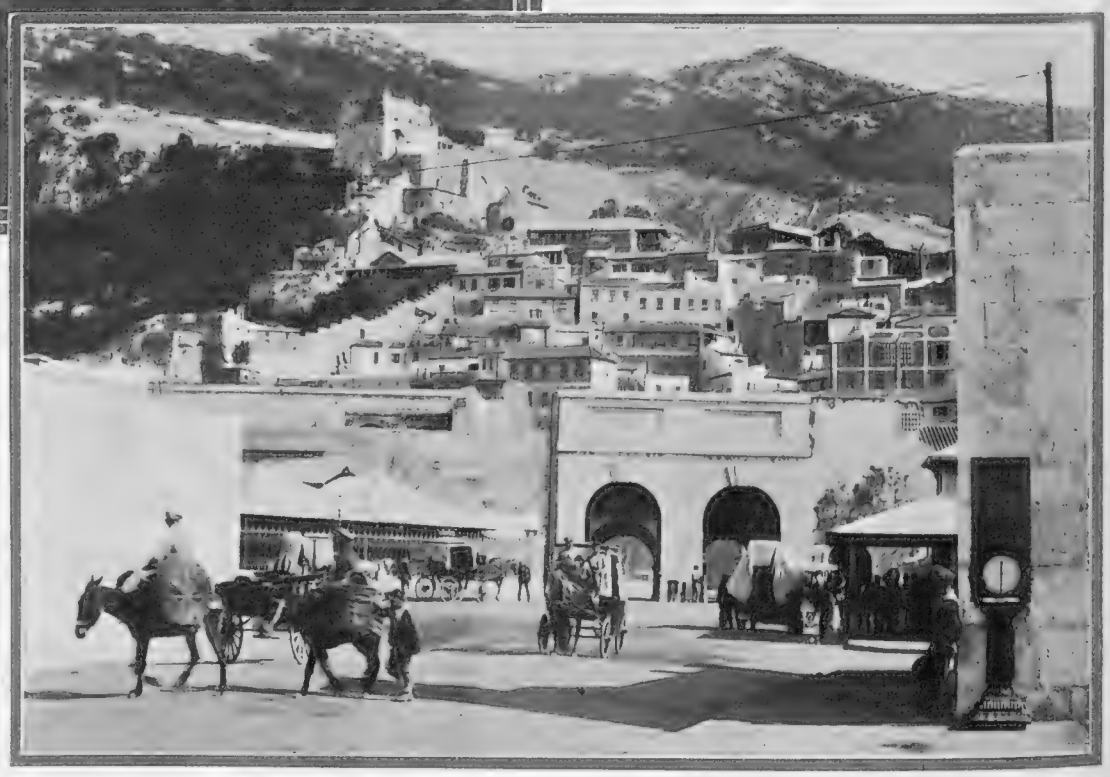
Across the straits lies Morocco, with Tangiers a short two hours away by a frequent boat service. By land, Seville and Granada, Cordoba and Ronda, Malaga and Cadiz are all within easy reach.

The climate is superb for the greater part of the year, and polo, tennis, cricket may be obtained, whilst a run with the Royal Calpé Hunt affords a welcome variation to the every-day round. Race-meetings are held occasionally and bull fights may be witnessed near by.

Above all, the British visitor may feel that he is enjoying his winter holiday not only in sunshine and interesting surroundings, but also in a British Colony—the only piece of British territory on the mainland of Europe.

Readers who wish for more information are invited to write to the Travel Bureau of THE SPHERE, or to the Gibraltar Tourist Bureau, 199, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

DENIZENS OF THE ROCKS: *Apes which make their home on the only bit of British territory on the mainland of Europe*



RELICS OF THE MOORISH INFLUENCE: *The Moorish castle and the water port gate, which make a characteristic glimpse of "Gib."*

By Appointment. *Established 1785* By Appointment.

Gieves
LIMITED

21, Old Bond Street, W.1
31, Burlington Arcade, W.1
LONDON—ENGLAND

TAKE this opportunity to announce that they now have an Established Branch at

110-112, MAIN STREET, GIBRALTAR

where, in future, the aristocracy of Portugal, Spain, and the Argentine can obtain British-made goods of the best quality, style and finish, which have gained for the House of Gieves, Ltd., a world-famed prestige and patronage in England, her colonies — America — and the Continent as

MEN'S OUTFITTERS and TAILORS — HOSIERS

HATS — TIES — HOSIERY — BOOTS — SHOES — UNDERWEAR — FLANNELS — DRESSING GOWNS

Local Manager: Mr. W. J. SMITH. *Tel.:* AUTO 308.

IDEAL WINTER HOLIDAYS IN DEVON AND CORNWALL

Stay at the G.W.R. HOTELS

MANOR HOUSE HOTEL

MORETONHAMPSTEAD, DEVON

IDEAL SITUATION ON DARTMOOR
(700 feet above sea level).

200 Acres of Park and Pleasure Lands. Maximum Sunshine—Healthy Moorland Air. Extensive views in all directions. Tennis, Croquet, Golf, etc. Central Heating.

Winter Terms from 4½ Guineas Weekly

TRAINS leave Paddington Station (G.W.R.), 10.30 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30, 3.30 p.m., etc., each weekday, with connections to Moretonhampstead. Hotel 'buses meet trains.

Tariff and all information from Hotel Manager.

TREGENNA CASTLE HOTEL

ST. IVES, CORNWALL

CENTRAL HEATING, OAK SPRING FLOOR FOR DANCING. TENNIS.

Within 10 minutes of the famous WEST CORNWALL GOLF COURSE, Lelant.

Travel by the Great Western Railway famous Cornish Riviera Express leaving Paddington Station at 10.30 a.m. each Week Day. St. Ives arr. 5.10 p.m.

Tariff and all information from Hotel Manageress.

SACCONE & SPEED, LTD.

Established 1839.

130 Main Street & 4 Market Lane, GIBRALTAR

Wine and Spirit Merchants and Shippers

WHISKY BLENDERS

Manufacturers, Importers and Exporters of

CIGARS, CIGARETTES AND TOBACCO

Telegraphic Address: "Saccone" or "Speed," Gibraltar. Telephone: A.385

Houses also at London, Edinburgh, Portsmouth, Chatham, Devonport, Weymouth, Malta and Tangier

For a Winter Holiday try

ST. JEAN DE LUZ

21 hours from London.

Same latitude as Nice. Long sunny days and mild nights. Finest golfing centre in France. Glorious Excursions in France and Spain. Magnificent new Casino.

Stay at

GRAND HÔTEL D'ANGLETERRE

Best and Most Central.

Recently remodelled. New restaurant and first-class installation of baths. Brillat Savarin award for cooking. Unrivalled wines. Perfect service. Every possible comfort

Full pension terms from ***100 francs*** *daily.* *Write for booklet.*

BRISTOL HOTEL GIBRALTAR

A FIRST-CLASS ESTABLISHMENT

Only one at Gibraltar with Garden and Full South Aspect, combining splendid views.

Lift—Running water—Self-contained Suites.

Excellent Cuisine — Dinner Dances during Winter months.

For terms apply to Manager.

GRAND HOTEL GIBRALTAR

HOT AND COLD RUNNING WATER
CENTRAL HEATING MODERATE TERMS

BEST ATTENTION

TELEGRAMS .. .. *GRAND-GIBRALTAR*

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau was inaugurated a few years ago specially to help readers to overcome the many difficulties that arise when the problem of holidays is being discussed.

In its new form the Travel Section is one of the most popular features of the paper. Useful and *practical* information is given each week of tours by rail, sea and road; and beauty spots and health resorts all over the world are fully illustrated and described.

All Travel queries are promptly answered by post.

Enquiries should be addressed to—

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C. 2

IN PYGMY LAND with Paul Hoefler

A record of life amongst the tiny folk of the Great Ituri Forest of the Belgian Congo

(*Continued from p.* 133)

A chief of the Momvu paid us a visit in the clearing. He came in state, being carried on the shoulders of his subjects in a huge chair. I was standing near the hut door on top of the ant-hill when this chief was deposited at the bottom. As he arose from the chair a royal retainer brushed the wrinkles from his coat tail, while another went ahead picking up sticks and other obstructions from the royal path. In haughty style he strode up to me and extended his hand in greeting. Now up came the Prime Minister and other members of the staff, all in a hand-shaking mood. I asked, in all the languages I knew, how he was feeling and how he was coming along in his kingship business. To each question he simply grunted, so I then told the intrepreter to ask him and his retinue to have seats under a nearby banana tree, from whence they could watch our methods in filming. He started down the hill in grand style, but about half way down tripped and spread his huge frame in the dust. The assembled Efe went into hysterics over this. They rolled on the ground laughing and went running about slapping each other and guffawing, while some imitated his grand march and fall. All this time he and his Court scowled, and some of the retainers shouted in angry tones at the fun-makers.

Later we had a pow-wow in the large hut, during which he was referred to as the big chief. All the pygmy chiefs were present and when they found that he spoke of them as under his rule, up they jumped, and pointing their fingers at him, shouted that he was not their chief by any means, and had nothing to say about their affairs. In no uncertain tone they told him he might rule on the forest's edge, but that they still ruled in its depths, and if he did not think so, to come along some time and find out. They are fiery little men, and in their element, the forest, a dangerous enemy.

Should an enemy invade their domain they wait along the paths, and at the proper time let go a shower of poisoned arrows, then melt into the shadows, to reappear later and harass the survivors. No one knows the forest as they do, nor its many secret passages and byways.

Now the district chief, Asanga, and his sub-chiefs, Akusu, Wavango, and Aimba, came to me and said that they were tired of life in the clearing, and wanted to go back to the hunting trails. It had rained so much that our work was not yet completed, so by promising them presents I got their pledge to stay a few more days. It is hard to talk to them, for no one speaks their language but themselves. My provost spoke to them in a mixture of Mombuti and Momvu which they understand. Some writer has claimed that they speak the same language as the Momvu, but in this clearing there are both Efe and Momvu, and the Momvu insist that their language and that of the Efe is entirely different.

However we got along fairly well, and while I had them collected together I asked questions about their ways of life.

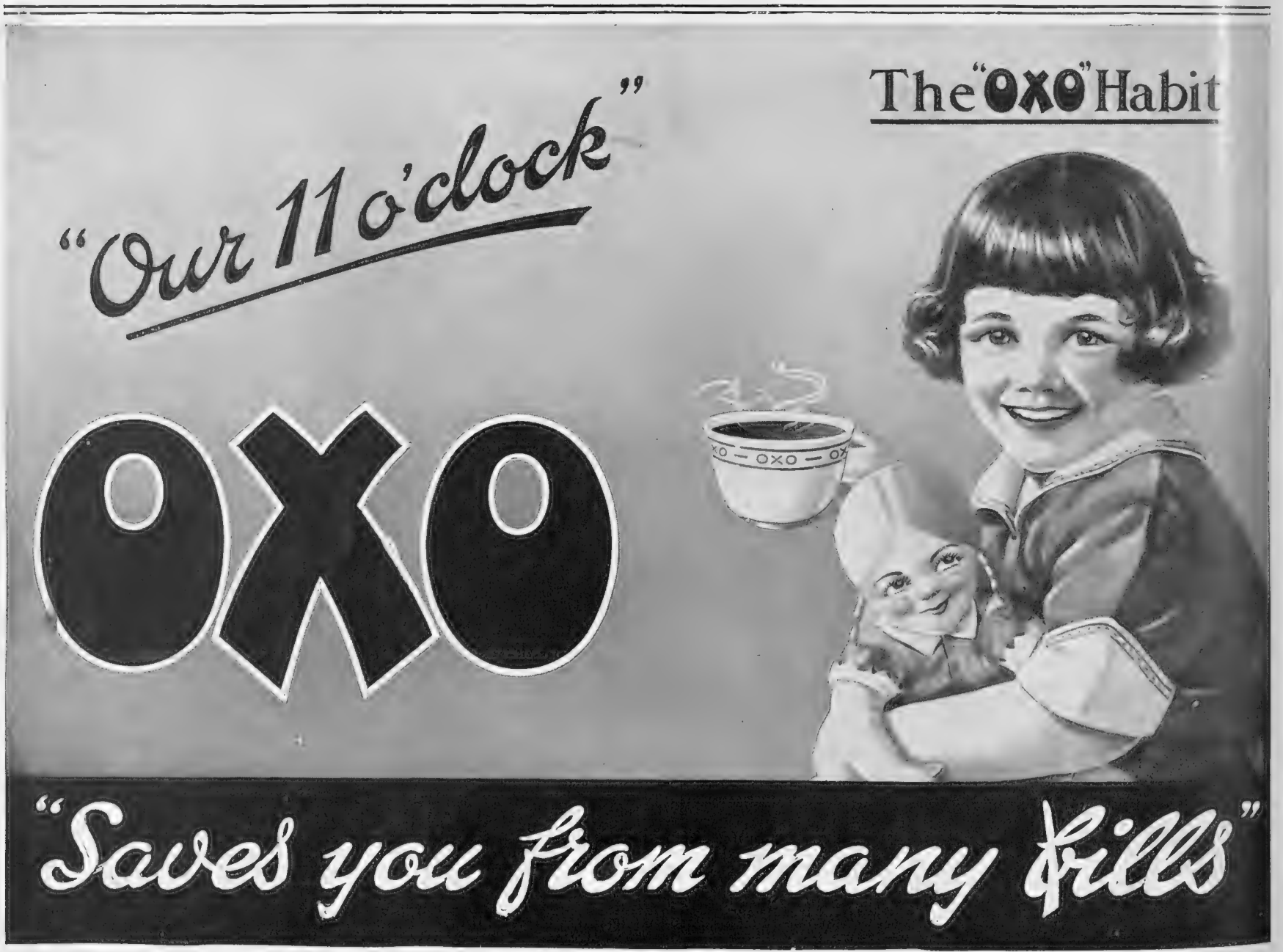
"ARRAY ARRAY": A band of bowmen from the Ituri Forest. They are experts with the ancient weapon, for by its means, with their poisoned arrows, they obtain protection and food

Their whole life is founded on a system which has no money or other medium of exchange, and this affects their social customs as well as all other matters. The old chief assured me that they do not want money, that they have no use for it, for they are happy now and want to stay as they are. The Momvu and other tribes living on the forest edge handle a few francs, also using sheep and goats as a medium of exchange. The pygmies have no stock nor property of any kind save weapons, drums, cooking pots, and a few skins. No man can store wealth for there is none.

A man's family is his only source of boasting and pride, and these little men and women of the forest marry only for love! The negro tribes buy and sell wives as so many cattle, a woman being valuable for what work she can do, and for the children she can bear to her lord and master, the children also being goods of value. The girls are sold as wives and the boys do all the manual labour performed by the male. The Efe does no work, neither man nor woman, for his wants are simple, and the little that has to be done is more like play than work.

When a young man loves a girl and she loves him they ask the father for permission to marry. If he consents they go to the chief, who must also consent. He then marries them by giving one to the other after a long talk on the duties of a married couple. They now live together for a while and if both are satisfied that their affection will endure, they report to the chief, who then seals the bond by some mystic rite, and the couple must live together as long as life lasts. There is no polygamy among them. The people are very moral, very few being untrue to their mates. If such a case arise, however, the chief can sever the bonds and release the innocent party. The culprit meets an untimely end, unless he (or she) fades into the jungle and keeps away from the clan.

One odd custom is that of the exchange of persons. If a man of one clan marries a girl of another clan, it is the custom for his clan to swap one of its male members for the girl, this being done in order to keep up the strength of each clan, as otherwise a clan blessed with many girls would soon fade away, while the clan having the most boys would become too powerful.



"The New Tailoring"

the fit is assured when you choose clothes instead of cloth

Passed with Honours

That supreme test of the tailor's art —dress clothes—is a test which the "New Tailoring" has passed with honours. "New Tailoring" dress clothes are tailored from luxurious and exclusive cloths by highly skilled specialist cutters. They embody the finest trimmings and the maximum of hand-work. They cost much less than men expect to pay for clothes of such calibre. But perhaps the most compelling argument of all is that the "New Tailoring" enables you to satisfy yourself that quality, style and fit are exactly as you demand they shall be . . . before you come to any decision.

Dress Coat	**7 gns.**
Dinner Jacket	**4½ & 6 gns.**
Waistcoat	**30/-**
Trousers	**45/-**
White Dress Vests	**10/6 to 25/6**

AUSTIN REED'S
of REGENT STREET

TEN "NEW TAILORING" CENTRES
103-113 Regent Street, W.1
24 Coventry St., W.1 13 Fenchurch St., E.C. 3
Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds and Bristol

S 330 AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

The WOMAN'S SPHERE

By Marjorie

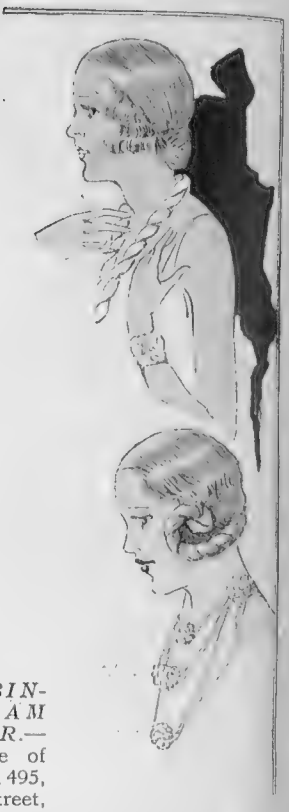
Larola will cleanse and nourish the skin, giving unto it the much-to-be-desired velvety appearance. It is an excellent base for powder; it will overcome the unpleasant effects of sunburn and windburn

Fashion in dress is really a reflection of passing events, as every student of the subject fully realises. A notable example of this is the manner in which women are having their hair arranged. It is the Italian influence that prevails; this is due to the Exhibition of Italian pictures at the Academy; it must be remembered that the subject has been under discussion for many months, and that women have been studying prints of the same. To Emile, 24, Conduit Street, must be given the credit of the dressing of the coiffures on this page. In the one at the top the hair is parted in the centre, waved side-pieces and a chignon being introduced. In the other the hair is permanently waved, and as it is growing but not sufficiently long to be converted into a chignon of its own, a torsade is added. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that whereas in the Italian pictures the hair is straight, to-day it is waved, the ambition of M. Emile being to give the impression that his work is influenced by the pictures of the medieval Italian artists.

THE CARE OF THE COMPLEXION.—The Christmas and New Year festivities, to say nothing of the strenuous days spent in shopping that preceded them, have had a far from beneficial effect on the complexion; in many instances the skin has taken unto itself a grey tinge which is the reverse of becoming—as a matter of fact it needs cleansing and nourishing. This may easily be accomplished with the aid of Larola. Its cleansing properties are self-evident when a little is poured on a piece of cotton-wool and then passed over the face. Furthermore it strengthens the epidermal surface of the skin, which is extremely delicate and sensitive to external conditions. Neither must it be overlooked that it is an excellent base for powder; it should be applied to the skin and be partially allowed to dry; it leaves a thin film to which the powder will readily adhere without harmfully blocking the pores. After a day's travelling, no matter whether by car, train, or 'plane, the face, neck, and arms should be bathed with it, as it is very refreshing. It is sold practically everywhere in 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. bottles. Among the other Larola preparations is the Rose Bloom, which may be described as an ideal rouge. It is sold in sifter boxes with puff for 1/-. Neither must the Lily Bloom be overlooked as it is a liquid powder for evening use and is very becoming.

This combined pram and car comes from Hitchings, 495, Oxford Street, and is known by the name of "Princess Louise." It has a coachbuilt body and is exceptionally wide and roomy

COMBINED PRAM AND CAR.—The name of Hitchings, 495, Oxford Street, W., stands for all that is best in the domain of baby cars. Illustrated on this page is the Princess Louise model; it combines all the comforts of an infant's pram with the added usefulness of a mail-cart. It has a coachbuilt body, is exceptionally wide and roomy, and is fitted with an extension giving a bed length of 43 inches. It can also be used for two children, and is fitted with a swinging axle by means of which the balance can be altered at will.



The great Italian pictures of mediæval times have a powerful influence on the modern fashions in hairdressing. To Emile, 24, Conduit Street, must be given the credit of the dressing of these coiffures

Every year more people spend February at

Britain's Most Beautiful Guest House

THE Palace is also Britain's All-the-year-round Hotel. Last February, for instance, there were as many visitors as in July. And isn't February just the time to take a holiday — just the time to take the sting out of Winter's tail—just the time to appreciate the mildness of Torquay's climate, the promise of Devonshire's Spring and the glorious sunshine of the English Riviera?

Most people stay at the Palace nowadays. Golf, tennis, squash, badminton, swimming, dancing, cinema and entertainments are all included in the terms. In the new wing, bedrooms have private bathrooms. ★ Book for February now.

★ *Golfers should write at once for details of February's* GREAT GOLF EVENT *on the Palace course in which world-famous professionals will compete. Accommodation will be limited.*

The Palace Hotel Torquay

Telephone: 2271 Torquay
Telegrams: Palace, Torquay

Hot and cold running water in all bedrooms. Central heating throughout.

A BARKER ROLLS-ROYCE

Acknowledged the WORLD'S BEST CAR

Barker Pullman Limousine de Ville on a 40/50 H.P. Rolls-Royce 'Phantom II' Chassis

By Appointment to H.M. The King

BARKER & CO. (COACHBUILDERS) LTD.
Coachbuilders to H.M. The King and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales
66-69 SOUTH AUDLEY STREET · LONDON · W.1
The Rolls-Royce Body Specialists and Retailers
Telephone: GROSVENOR 2420

By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

ESTABLISHED 1710

PLAYER'S No. 3

Player's No. 3 Cigarettes are made from a delightful blend of specially selected fine old Virginia Tobacco

EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA

10 *for* **8d.** **20** *for* **1/4**
50 *for* **3/3** **100** *for* **6/4**

3 P 761

The Petrol World

by A. Percy Bradley

"Gang Warily!": Motorists negotiating a treacherous stretch of melting snow on the Loch Lomond road. The floods, gales, and snow of the past month have made motoring more an adventure than a pastime

A DISAPPOINTING TRIAL.—The London-Exeter reliability trial which is organised annually by the Motor Cycling Club is an established classic event, and as such the results must be taken seriously. Those in connection with the last trial have just been issued in a very interesting form by *The Autocar*, and it is hoped that those who have the welfare of the British motor industry at heart will meditate over the figures which I am afraid are not so pleasant as they might be. I find that 135 British motor-cars competed, and that of these fourteen gained gold medals, whereas of the thirty-two foreign-built motor-cars nine carried off premier awards. In other words, only 10·4 per cent. of British cars succeeded, whilst 28·1 per cent. of the foreigners came through unscathed.

Those figures are more than disappointing, and I would draw the attention of the British manufacturer to them. Someone may put forward the plea that the foreign cars had better drivers than their British rivals, but I think that any such statement could not possibly be supported by reliable evidence. As a matter of fact, the better driver is far more likely to be attracted to a British type of car, which obviously appeals to him more than the big-engined, soulless production of the average foreign factory.

Then again it will be argued that the course was of a freakish nature, but whatever it was it had to be traversed by all cars, British or foreign, so that whether it was good or bad makes no difference. We all know that the British car is far more suited to the British roads than its foreign rivals, but this London-Exeter Trial, which was run over lanes and tracks of a colonial nature, prompts me to ask, in light of the results, whether all the visits of our prominent British manufacturers to foreign parts have yet borne any material fruit.

ALIBIS THAT WILL NOT WASH.—When I see that one of the cheapest American cars gained three gold medals out of five cars entered, and that none of the twenty-seven cars emanating from the factories controlled by one of our most prominent British manufacturers who has studied the overseas market in a very practical form gained a solitary premier award, I find it very difficult to persuade myself that we have yet made the right article to compete with the foreigner in the markets abroad.

There is no use in the British manufacturer saying that his cars were not entered officially by him, nor were they controlled in any way by his works, because exactly the same state of affairs existed with his competitors. If only one British car were concerned, one would be happy to think that the sorrowful result was due to bad luck, but when the numbers run into over a hundred I am afraid that we cannot invoke the assistance of the Goddess of Luck to explain away the very unhappy result.

DISTURBING CONFIRMATION.—Some time ago I mentioned in these notes that I had adverse criticism of the modern British car from a friend who handles them considerably overseas, and now that I have this confirmation I am seriously disturbed. It seems to me there is no use sending out heads of departments and directors to fix up the details of selling organisations in lands overseas until an article which is as good as the foreign is produced in our home factories.

I am not laying emphasis on this matter in any frivolous spirit nor because I do not like the British motor-car, my only object in drawing attention to it being to induce the British motor manufacturer to give our Dominions and our colonies a car that is really better than any foreign rival. I have always owned a British car myself and do not think I shall ever be induced to buy any other. That policy has not been adopted through patriotic motives but because I believe and, in fact, I know that the British car is the best for British roads and is by far the most pleasant automobile to drive.

For the Monte Carlo Rally: The car on the left is the 20-h.p. 6-cylinder Sunbeam, with special Weymann saloon body, which Mr. L. V. Cozens will drive in the Monte Carlo Rally. The car on the right is Mr. A. H. Pass's entry—a 25-h.p. Sunbeam with a special Weymann body—which will be driven by the entrant

AN IDEAL GIFT.

A UNIQUE COLLECTION

of Pictures by H. M. Bateman, the famous Tatler Artist.

"The Dirt Track Rider Who Appeared in Rotten Row."

Specially printed and mounted copies in colour of Mr. H. M. Bateman's clever series of pictures, which, in addition to that illustrated, includes—

"The Guardsman who dropped it." "Very Well Meant."
"The Man who bid Half-a-Guinea at Tattersall's."
"Figaro chez lui." "Stand Easy."
"The Discovery of a Dandelion on the Centre Court at Wimbledon."
"The Favourite Wins." "The Débutante."
"The Man who Missed the Ball on the First Tee at St. Andrews."
"The Man who Threw a Snowball at St. Moritz."
"The Man who Lit his Cigar before the Royal Toast."
"Behind the Scenes at Wellington Barracks."
"The Man who Crept into the Royal Enclosure in a Bowler."
"The Croupiers who showed Signs of Emotion."
"The Umpire who confessed He Wasn't Looking," etc., etc.

Small Reproductions in Half-Tone of the Entire Series will be sent post free on application.

Size of work 14×10 ins., on plate-sunk mount 25×20 ins.
Copies 10/6 each. Signed Artist's Proofs 20/- each.
Postage 6d. extra.

Order, with remittance, to be sent to Dept. E.:—

THE TATLER, INVERESK HOUSE, 346, STRAND, W.C. 2

A GALLERY of GREAT GOLFERS

Separate art plates of celebrated golfers, from the portraits specially drawn from life by the distinguished artist

T. MARTINE RONALDSON

this week

HARRY VARDON

and following weekly with

J. H. Taylor, Sir Ernest Holderness, R. H. Wethered, Bernard Darwin, C. O. Hezlet and Miss Joyce Wethered.

in

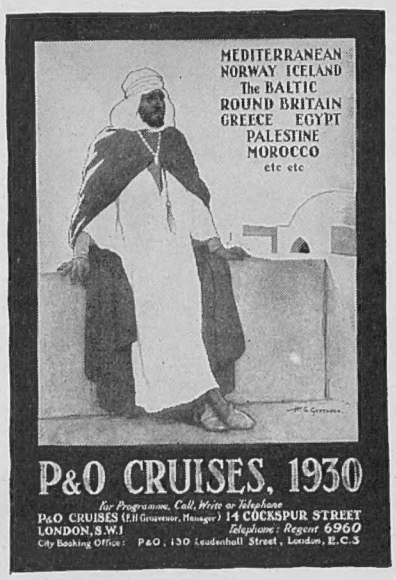
The Illustrated SPORTING & DRAMATIC News

On Sale on Friday One Shilling

P. & O. CRUISES

The P. & O. Cruising itineraries, May-September, 1930, offer new and varied combinations of holiday sea-travel. Three beautiful vessels will be employed, the "Viceroy of India," the "Ranchi," and the "Rawalpindi."

Programme on application as below.



EASTER AT SEA

The Easter voyages of the P. & O. steamers between London, Gibraltar and Marseilles offer a varied programme of eight or fourteen days' duration for those who wish to experience the enjoyment of a marine holiday. Particulars of the Company's arrangements in this respect may be had on application at P. & O. House (F. H. Grosvenor, Manager), 14, Cockspur Street, S.W.1, or at the City booking office, 130, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3.

SKIDS

are caused by unequal tyre pressures. Get pressures right and keep them right with a Schrader Gauge.

Test Your Tyres every FRIDAY

with a Schrader Gauge. From all Dealers: price 7/6

A. Schrader's Son, Inc. Offices and Main Distribution Stores: 26-29 New Street, Westminster, S.W.1

Be sure it's a "Schrader": Look for the name.

(Regd. Trade Mark)

PRESENTATION ALBUMS

With hand-made paper leaves, in superb Morocco Bindings, suitable for Signatures when presenting testimonials and addresses.

Three Sizes: **25/-, 42/-, 52/6** nett.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE (Publishers), Ltd.
6, Great New Street, London, E.C.4
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

V.60.

STOP THAT COLD with VAPEX (REG. TRADE MARK) INHALANT

"A drop on your handkerchief"

Between the first and the second sneeze there is time to take precautions. You can either neglect the oncoming cold, with all its unpleasant and possibly dangerous consequences, or you can stop the infection with "Vapex."

"Vapex" is so pleasant that nobody who has ever used it hesitates between the two alternatives. Simply put a drop on the handkerchief. As you breathe it grows stronger and stronger. It searches out the germs and deprives them of their power for mischief. The head is relieved. The "stuffiness" goes. The whole respiratory system is gently stimulated to increased resistance.

"Vapex" stops colds quickly because it goes straight to the cause of the trouble—the germs which multiply so rapidly in the warm passages of the nose and throat. The simple act of breathing the "Vapex" vapour brings a powerfully active germicide into direct contact with the germs.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/- per bottle

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD., BARDSLEY VALE

BURBERRYS SALE

MEN'S AND WOMEN'S OVERCOATS WEATHERPROOFS AND SUITS

at a little above or below

HALF-PRICE

THE BURBERRY
"The World's Best Weatherproof and One of the World's Best Overcoats"; as sketch, MEN'S and WOMEN'S; Burberry Gabardine, lined Proofed Check.
SALE PRICE 73/6

BELTED 'BURBERRYS'
D.B., as sketch below, MEN'S as well as WOMEN'S, in Burberry Gabardine, lined Proofed Check.
SALE PRICE 4½ Gns.

SUITS
LOUNGE; in Tweeds. Sizes to fit all figures.
Usual Price 8 and 9 Gns.
SALE PRICE 84/-

LOUNGE SUITS, in Saxonies and Cheviots.
Usual Price 10 Gns.
SALE PRICE 5 Gns.

PLUS-4 SUITS
Usually 10 and 11 Gns.
SALE PRICE 6 Gns.

LADIES' OVERCOATS
S.B. and D.B. models, smartly tailored from fine Tweeds and Saxonies.
Usual Price 8 to 12 Gns.
SALE PRICE 84/-

S.B. OVERCOATS in Proofed Urbitor Coatings.
Usual Price 8½ Gns.
SALE PRICE 5 Gns.

COSTUMES
Various designs for Town, Country or Sports wear, in Tweeds, Saxony, and Worsted Suitings.
Usual Price 10 to 14 Gns.
SALE PRICE 6½ Gns.

MEN'S OVERCOATS
(as sketch), & Weather-all shape, in Proofed Tweed Coatings.
Usual Price 8 to 10 Gns.
SALE PRICE 84/-

MEN'S D.B. OVERCOATS
for Town or Travel; West of England Coatings and Fleeces.
Usual Price 10 to 14 Gns.
SALE PRICE 7 Gns.

FULL SALE LIST detailing thousands of other bargains for Men, Women and Children, sent on mention of *The Sphere*.

BURBERRYS LTD.
Sale Department 51
HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1

BOOKS of NOTE.

A Quintette of Interesting Volumes

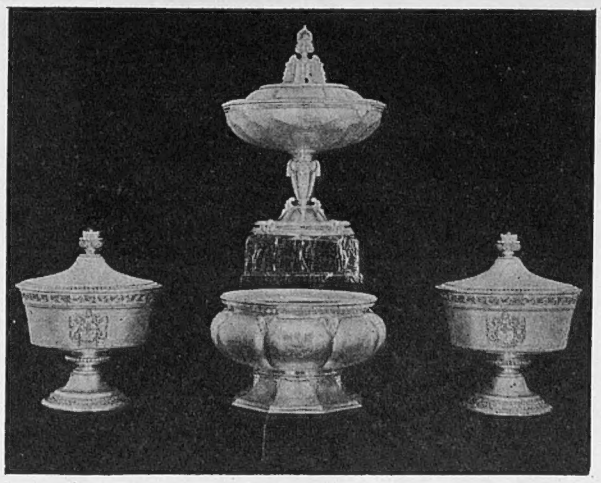
Coutts: The History of a Banking House, by Ralph M. Robinson. (John Murray. 15s. net.)—This large and handsome volume represents the first attempt to tell the story — which covers a period of over two hundred years—of the famous Strand house. Amongst its numerous illustrations are reproductions of letters from the Duke of Wellington and Sir Walter Scott.

Three Personal Records of the War, the work of three authors, Mr. R. H. Mottram, Mr. John Easton, and Mr. Eric Partridge. (Scholartis. 15s. net.)—There is no doubt that of late War books have immensely improved. The explanation of this improvement is, I believe, a rather unsatisfactorily vague one—nothing more definite than that men's memories of their terrific experiences have somehow ripened, or are ripening. (They may not yet be fully come to maturity or anything like it.) For a long while the majority of the attempts made at War literature were woefully disappointing, and indeed it began to be freely said that the War, as a subject, was "impossible" and would never be adequately rendered. This may still be true, but it is no longer circulated because during the last year or eighteen months a number of authors have got bits and pieces of the War absolutely right.

The Autobiography of a Wanderer, by Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore. (Hurst and Blackett. 18s. net.)—Here is a volume of truth as packed with thrills as any Wallace in the collection. The author started adventuring at the age of twelve, when he went round the world on a yacht, and one gathers he has kept it up ever since! The photographic reproductions of animal life are excellent.

Around the Coasts of Arabia, by Ameen Rihani. (Constable. 21s. net.)—This is a brilliant record of that troubled district whose twin hearts are the cities of Mecca and Medina, and whose mouth is Jeddah. The author spent much time with King Hussein, and thus got at close quarters with the secret springs of disturbance. A noted writer on Arabian folk-lore, the mentality of the people has no secrets from him.

Continental Statesmen, by George Glasgow. (Bles. 10s. 6d. net.) The Foreign Editor of *The Contemporary Review* here deals with such personalities as Briand, Masaryk, Mussolini, Venizelos, and others less known but equally interesting. As Mr. Glasgow knows personally the majority of the subjects of his sketches, a most interesting volume ensues.



PRODUCTS OF TWO FAMOUS FIRMS: The rose-bowl and the centre tazza were made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company of Regent Street; the other two tazzas by Elkington's. They form the modern art silverware presented by the brokers of Lloyd's to the Corporation of Lloyd's

PLATE FOR LLOYD'S

The Corporation of Lloyd's has recently been presented by the brokers at Lloyd's with some very fine modern art silverware which without doubt will enhance their already very valuable and historical collection of plate. As will be seen from our illustration the pieces are excellent examples of modern craftsmanship and design. The centre tazza, which measures 14¾ in. and weighs 140·30 oz., shows definite points of originality, although the general conception is somewhat massive and architectural. This piece was designed by Fernand Piret. The rose bowl has a diameter of 10¾ in. and weighs 67.10 oz., was designed by Mr. Harold Stabler, and is with its shaped sides and pendant ornaments a characteristic piece of work by this artist. Both these pieces were made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, W. 1. The two other covered tazzas, height 11½ in., diameter 9¼ in., weight 73·50 oz. each, mounted with amethyst tops, have some elaborate chasing of original character, and an interesting treatment of the arms of Lloyd's. They were designed by Mr. W. Brewer for Messrs. Elkington and Co., Ltd.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S COLUMBIA RECORD FOR BURNS' ANNIVERSARY

Scotsmen all over the world celebrate the Burns Anniversary to-day (January 25) with a special eight-minute Burns lecture by the Prime Minister. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, a few days ago, spent several hours in the Columbia recording studios at Westminster and made a record for this purpose. "Robert Burns—A Man Amongst Men" was his subject, and the Prime Minister not only reveals in his talk his own well-known love for the poet's works, but draws upon his intimate knowledge of them to build up a striking analysis of Burns as a man. As soon as the Prime Minister had approved the record, duplicates of the master-record were rushed to various parts of the world, so that Burns enthusiasts everywhere should have them in time for the anniversary. "The Prime Minister thoroughly enjoyed making his Burns record," said an official of the Columbia Gramophone Co. Ltd. "Many artists accustomed to recording show infinitely greater nervousness than Mr. MacDonald did when facing the microphone. It is not his first record, for on the occasion of the General Election, the Labour Party was the first to see the possibilities of the gramophone for propaganda purposes, and Mr. MacDonald made a brilliant record then. It was particularly interesting to notice his attention to details. When his Burns record was finished and all the experts had pronounced it satisfactory, Mr. MacDonald heard it through attentively and called attention to several points which marred it. He came to town specially, a few days later, to remake it, and this time it was absolutely correct. Mr. MacDonald's voice records easily and his pleasant conversational style makes the record sound as if he were talking at your elbow." The Prime Minister's record was published on January 15.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship have received a very gratifying letter from a rescue society whose cases have recently been received. They add: "Seldom has it had to deal with boys needing permanent help so urgently, and equally seldom met with such generous help and sympathy. The Shaftesbury Homes have done a wonderful piece of work, and we feel sure that the boys will respond in gratitude and in the manner of their future lives. It is little short of miraculous that they have been so little touched by the evil of their own homes." Such a society is surely worthy of every support, and all cheques should be sent to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

A curious looking bottle ... an unusual shape. Fill up your glass .... you'll find it unusually good liqueur. Ofcourse...Bols. Where else would you find a liqueur of such exquisite flavour .....

Kümmel
Dry Curaçao
Crême de Menthe
White Curaçao Triple Sec
Cherry Brandy
Silver Top Dry Gin

Wholesale Agents:
BROWN, GORE AND WELCH, LTD., CORN EXCHANGE CHAMBERS, SEETHING LANE, LONDON, E.C.3.

Miss Croid says:
"It's far easier to make them ----with this new outfit"

FOR the many charming things you make for your hobby or handicraft the Croid Outfit is a great convenience. It saves all messy preparation and unpleasant smell. Ready for use at a moment's notice, it simplifies every glueing operation, however large or small. The consistency and strength is automatically correct for easy application and fine workmanship.

The Outfit, price **2/6**, contains:—
8 oz. New Croid Aero Glue.
1 Booklet on home repairs.
1 Hot-water container.
1 Glue container.
1 Brush.

Obtainable from all Stores, etc.

"Croid"
HOME OUTFIT

IMPROVED LIQUID GLUES CO., LTD.,
Imperial House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, LTD., *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2. *January* 25, 1930. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

Sea Sickness Conquered

You can enjoy every moment of a sea trip, regardless of weather conditions, with the aid of "Mothersill's." It is your guarantee of freedom from all symptoms of distress caused by sea, train, motor or air travel.

For Sale at Chemists

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
London Montreal New York Paris

E24

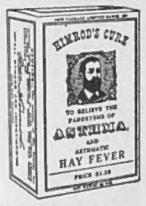
STAMPS.

FINE SELECTION of the RARE STAMPS of all countries sent on approval at 9d. in the 1s. discount off catalogue prices.—G. H. WAITT, "The Outspan," Whitstable, Kent.

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP 9D BALL

Will clean your carpets like new. Send postcard for sample. *Sold everywhere.*
F. CHIVERS & CO., LTD., 12, Albany Works, Bath.

ASTHMA



Sufferers from Asthma find instant relief in this standard remedy of 60 years standing.

4/6 a tin at all chemists.

Himrod's ASTHMA CURE

DRINK PURE WATER

BERKEFELD FILTER BRITISH

Sardinia House, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2

A NEW HUNTING BOOK.

"HUNTSMEN PAST & PRESENT"

Written and Illustrated by

LIONEL EDWARDS

TEN PLATES IN COLOUR AND ELEVEN IN BLACK AND WHITE.

Edition de Luxe ... £5 5 0
(Edition over-subscribed before publication.)

Ordinary Edition ... £2 12 6

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE (Publishers), LIMITED,
6, Great New Street, London, E.C. 4

BIARRITZ.
HOTEL EDOUARD VII.
Sea view. Near Casino. Modern installation.
From Frs. 60 incl. M. TIPHAINE, Manager.

LA CROIX (Var) **KENSINGTON HOTEL**
The best and the most select on the Côte des Maures.

MENTON GARAVAN | **HOTEL BELLEVUE**
A delightful home on the borders of Italy.
200 Rooms. English Proprietors.
J. & P. CHURCHMAN.

MENTON. HOTELS BRITANNIA AND BEAU SITE.
THE ENGLISH RESIDENTIAL HOTELS.
Facing Sea. — Large Garden. — 140 Rooms. — 30 Baths.

ST. JEAN DE LUZ
HOTEL MODERN
Splendidly situated in centre of the Bay. Every Comfort. From Frs. 75

Why go Grey?
HINDES' HAIR TINT
Hindes' Hair Tint restores grey or faded hair to its original colour forthwith—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Chemists, Hairdressers & Stores, 2/6 or direct:
HINDES, LTD., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

DAINTY BIRTHDAY BOOKS BIJOU EDITIONS
Size: 2⅛ inches by 1¾ inches, in various bindings, from 1/6 net.
Supplied by all Booksellers.
EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE (Publishers), Ltd., 6, Gt. New St., London, E.C. 4

How far is it from—
Leeds to Launceston?
Reading to Rhyl?

THE TATLER Road MILEAGE Chart

will tell you!

A new and useful "gadget" for Motorists. Slides easily, folds flat, showing the most important towns in England, Scotland and Wales. A total of over 7,250 mileages is given.

Send for one to-day.

Price - **3s. 6d.**
Post Free **3s. 10d.**

Obtainable from all principal Newsagents and Bookstalls, or direct from "THE TATLER," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBN. 1908: GOLD MEDAL

Try this chocolate covered Fruit Lozenge

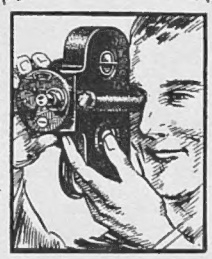
FOR **CONSTIPATION**
GASTRIC & INTESTINAL TROUBLES

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

Sold by all Chemists and Druggists 3/- *per box*
67 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE RD., LONDON, S.E. 1

BELL-HOWELL
THE PERFECT CINE CAMERA

Ask to see Filmo 70-D. Its 7 speeds and three lens turret conquer light, distance, and speed. Will take slow movies and Kodacolor. Uses fireproof film — absolutely safe.



Call for a free demonstration or write for literature. Also list of all Cameras, Binoculars, etc. Cine or ordinary Cameras taken in exchange.

WALLACE HEATON LTD
119, New Bond St. & 47 Berkeley St. W.1.

Bronco
The De Luxe Toilet Paper

It is economical to buy BRONCO. There are 800 sheets to the roll. "Cheap" rolls contain only about one-third this quantity.

Pure Whisky! distilled from the finest materials. That is "King George IV." It contains all the nutriment value of the ripe grain in its most virile form.

Mature. Mellow. A Flavour that can be described only as "King George IV" flavour. It is a truly Royal Spirit. —Unsurpassed for quality.

"King George IV" OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

905a

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, LTD., *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *January* 25, 1930. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.